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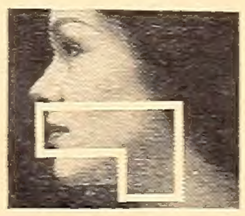
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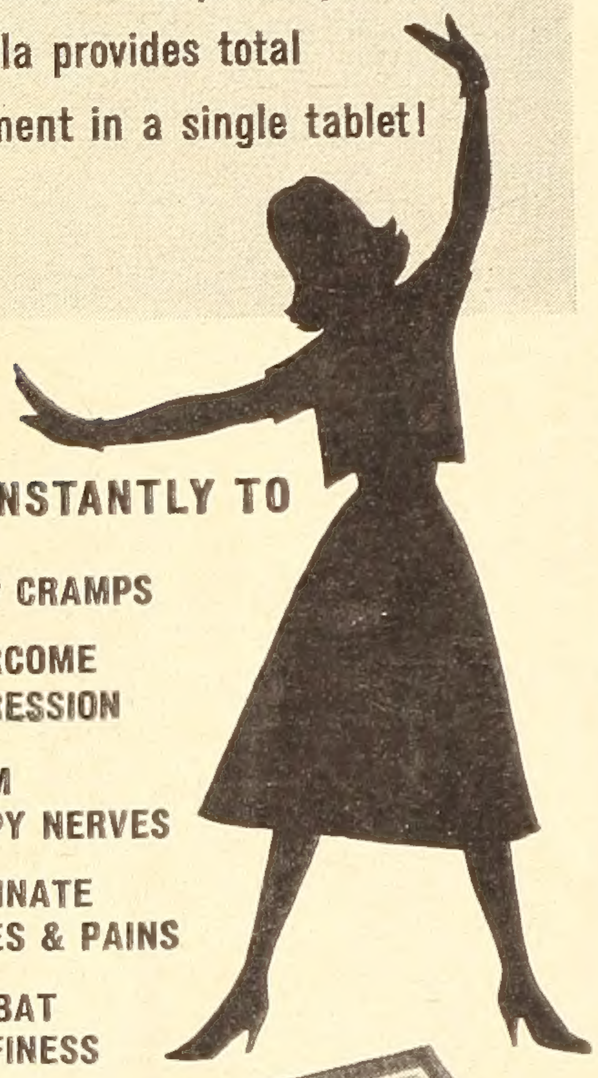
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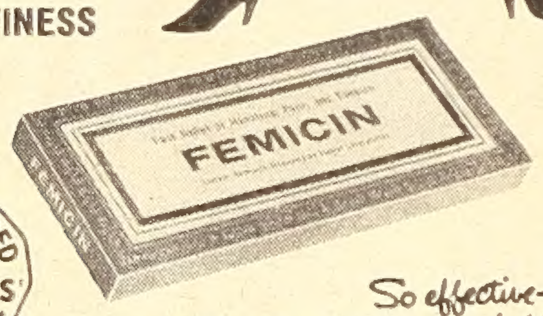
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modern screen

JANUARY, 1960 — AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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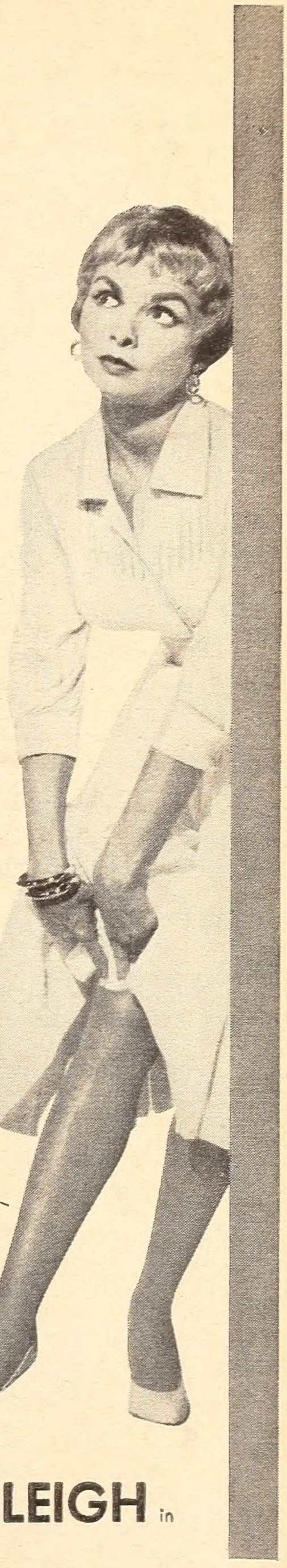
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Who was that Lady?



When that lady walks in...
all restraint flies out!

Enjoy love among the
adults as it's never been
loved before...with even
the FBI unable to find
a law to stop it!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

TONY CURTIS · DEAN MARTIN · JANET LEIGH in

Who was that Lady?

co-starring JAMES WHITMORE · JOHN McINTIRE · BARBARA NICHOLS

Written and Produced by NORMAN KRASNA · Based upon his play, "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With" as produced for the New York stage by IELAND HAYWARD · Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY

AN ANSARK-GEORGE SIDNEY PRODUCTION

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in January, your birthstone is the garnet and your flower is the carnation. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

January 1—**Dana Andrews**
Charles Bickford

January 3—**Ray Milland**

January 4—**Barbara Rush**
Jane Wyman

January 5—**Jean-Pierre Aumont**

January 6—**Loretta Young**

January 7—**Terry Moore**

January 8—**Jose Ferrer**
Elvis Presley

January 9—**Fernando Lamas**

January 10—**Judy Garland**
Paul Henreid
Sal Mineo

January 13—**Judy Busch**
Jeff Morrow
Robert Stack

January 14—**William Bendix**

January 15—**Margaret O'Brien**

January 16—**Ethel Merman**

January 17—**Sheree North**

January 18—**Cary Grant**
Danny Kaye

January 19—**Guy Madison**

January 20—**Patricia Neal**
Alex Nicol

January 21—**John Agar**
J. Carrol Naish

January 22—**Ann Sothern**

January 23—**Dan Duryea**

January 24—**Ernest Borgnine**

January 25—**Dean Jones**

January 26—**Mary Murphy**
Paul Newman

January 27—**Katy Jurado**
Donna Reed

January 29—**John Forsythe**
Victor Mature

January 30—**Dorothy Malone**
Dolores Michaels
John Ireland
Hugh Marlowe

January 31—**Jean Simmons**



May Wynn
January 8



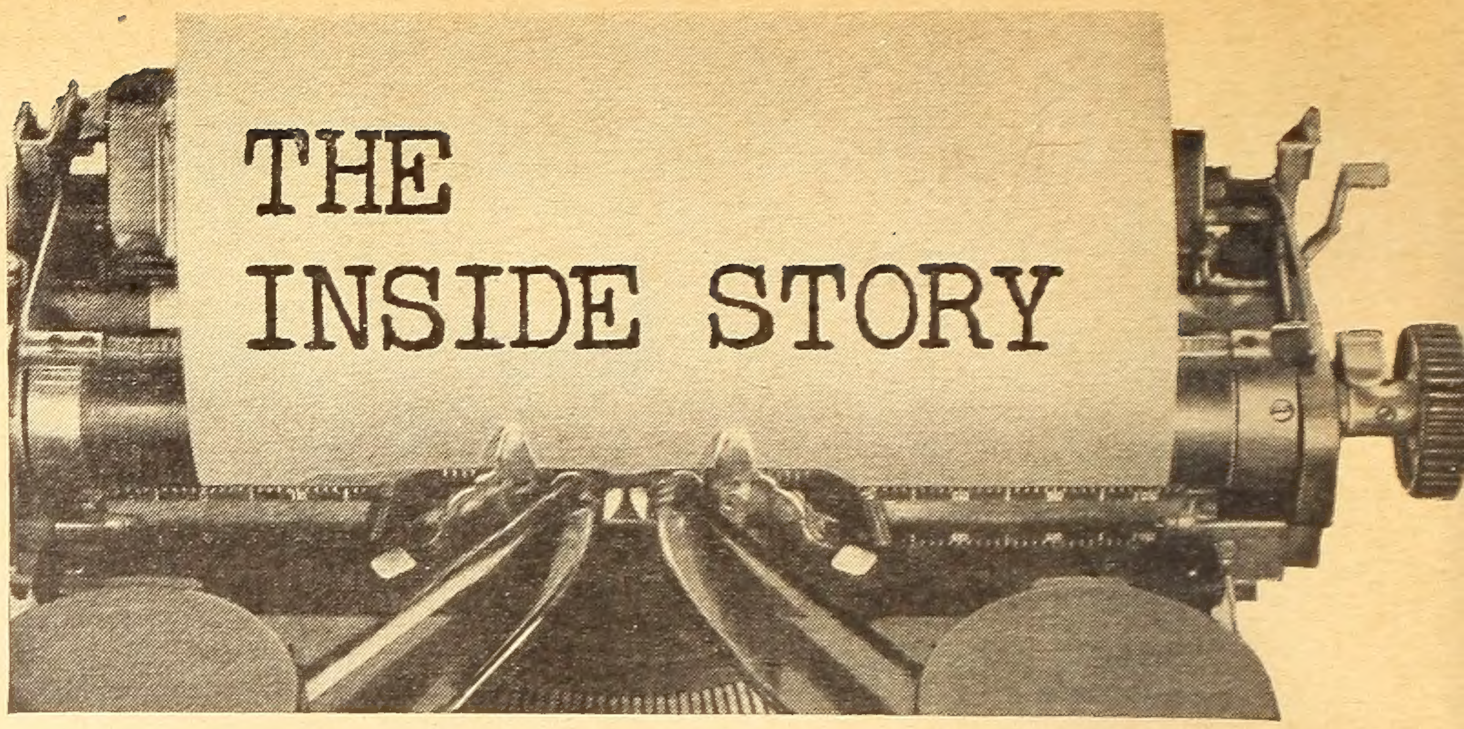
Randolph Scott
January 23



David Wayne
January 30



Joanne Dru
January 31



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 57.

Q. What made **Jennifer Jones** consider studying with Lee Strasberg when she's been in pictures over fifteen years and already has an Oscar?

—R.H., HEWLETT, L.I.

A. *The reviews of her last movie.*

Q. Is it true that **John Wayne** has gone on the wagon because his doctor warned him his health would be seriously impaired if he continued drinking?

—P.W., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. *Wayne was advised to cut down—not out. He has a martini before dinner now, a couple of drinks afterwards.*

Q. I have heard our darling **Elvis** will give up rock 'n' roll singing when he returns to his career and concentrate only on straight ballads. What about this?

—T.W., BUTTE, MONT.

A. *Elvis won't give up rock 'n' roll as his bread 'n' butter. He'll try out a few extra ballads however to insure his future when the fad fizzles.*

Q. Now that **Eva Gabor** has married for the "Xth" time, exactly how many husbands have the Gabor gals chalked up amongst themselves?

—C.H., ORLANDO, FLA.

A. *Including mama—thirteen.*

Q. Whatever happened to the reconciliation so dramatically staged between **Cara Williams** and **John Barrymore Jr.** for the sake of their son?

—P.A., LITCHFIELD, CONN.

A. *John went off to France. Cara went off to the out-of-town tryout of her new play, the reconciliation went out the window.*

Q. Although Leo Durocher and **Laraine Day** have denied that there is trouble in their marriage, in your opinion is there a rift?

—W.R., WASHINGTON, D.C.

A. *Where there's smoke there's fire and we think this marriage has burned itself out.*

Q. Now that **Bing Crosby** has reconciled with his sons, and all is well between him and **Gary** again, do you think this will change Gary's less-than-friendly attitude toward his step-mother **Kathy**?

—L.D., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. *No.*

Q. What happened to cause the **John Bromfield**'s (of TV's *U.S. Marshal*) split?

—F.D., TRENTON, N.J.

A. *The marriage allegedly struck out when John suspected foul play between his wife and a famed baseball figure. Their friends, however, feel that Larri (his wife) made an error by leaving home base.*

Q. I read conflicting reports about *Ice Palace* newcomer **Diane McBain**'s big heart-interest. One paper says **Richard Burton**, the other **Troy Donahue**. Which fellow is it?

—R.Y., MADISON, WIS.

A. *Since Burton is married, it is obviously Troy.*

Q. I saw the **Jeff Chandlers** together at a sports event here in Los Angeles. Does this mean a possibility of a reconciliation?

—S.F., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. *No—merely the fact that Jeff had an extra ticket and his ex-wife wanted to see the game.*

Q. Exactly what *were* **Liz Taylor**'s demands for appearing in *Butterfield 8*—and why, after all the hassles, did MGM finally agree to them?

—R.D., STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

A. *Clean up the plot, re-write the script, shoot in New York. The grosses of* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF *caused the studio to give Liz what she wanted. She's a big draw, and MGM knows it.*

Q. How much money is **Bobby Darin** getting for his first movie? How much did **Fabian** get? How does **Ricky Nelson** rate?

—Q.W., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Bobby's getting $45,000, Fabian got $35,000. Ricky* wants *$100,000.*

Q. Is it true that **Dick Clark** is annoyed at his teen-age following after the riot that was caused when he made a personal appearance in Kansas City recently, and that he secretly referred to the rioters as a bunch of juvenile delinquents?

—K.C., RENO, NEV.

A. *Dick referred to the rioters as "adult delinquents." Most of them were over forty years old*

CARY GRANT ✩ TONY CURTIS

submerged with 5 Girls...no wonder the S.S. SEA TIGER was called "The PINK VIRGIN!"



"OPERATION PETTICOAT"

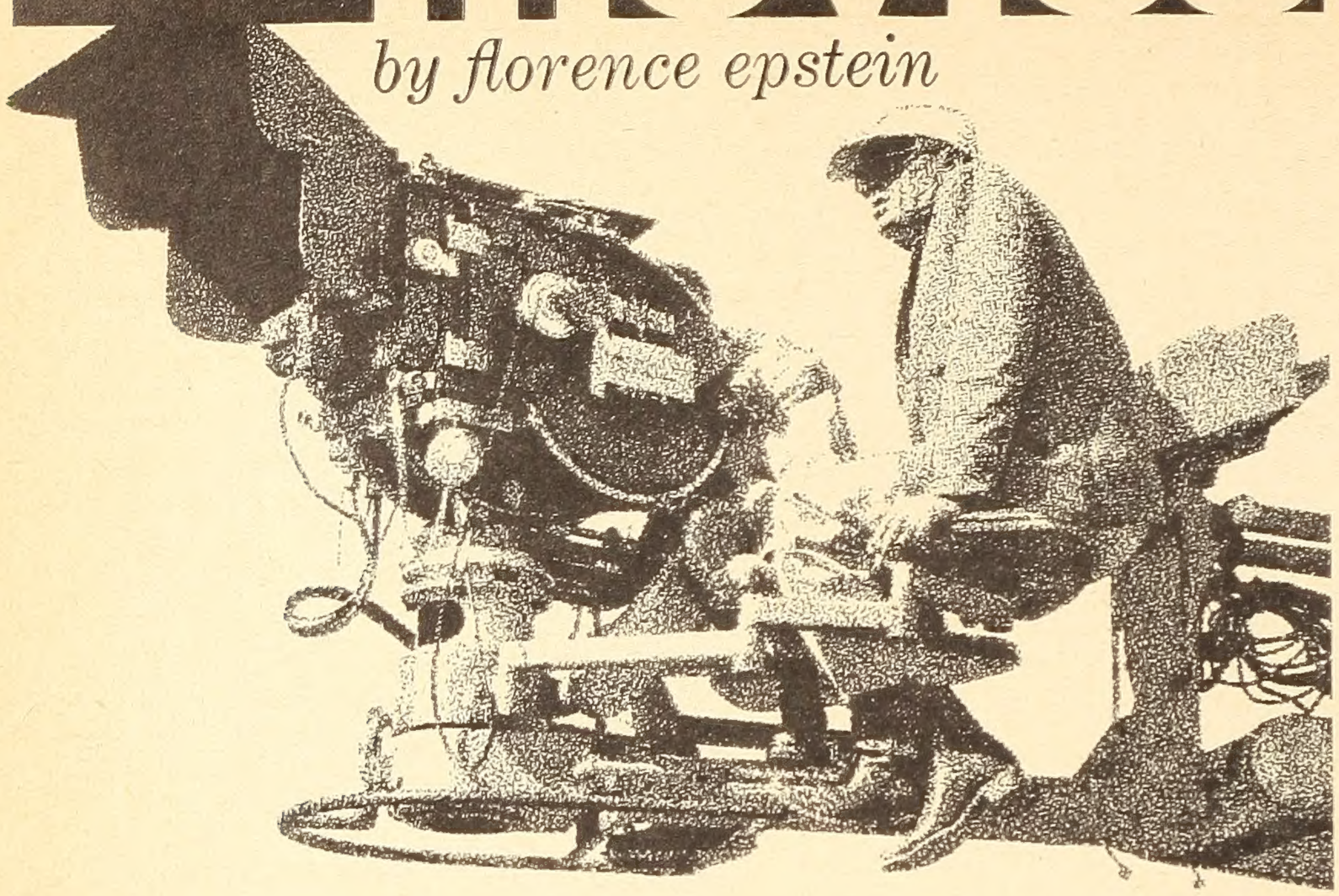
in Eastman COLOR

Co-starring JOAN O'BRIEN · DINA MERRILL · GENE EVANS with DICK SARGENT *and* ARTHUR O'CONNELL

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS · Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN · Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR · A GRANART PRODUCTION · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

new movies

by florence epstein



THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

career girls versus love

Hope Lange
Stephen Boyd
Suzy Parker
Joan Crawford
Martha Hyer

■ If anything good ever happens to a career girl in New York, it's sheer accident. If a career girl should ever meet a man in New York who is not amoral, immoral, married or drunk, it's an absolute miracle. *No* working woman in New York believes in her work; she only turns to it in despair. That, at least, is the forlorn message of this movie. Go ahead, take editor Joan Crawford—no man ever did (for a wife, that is). She's too clever, too cold, too efficient; she's the example that none of the pretty girls at the Fabian Publishing Company want to live up to. What do these pretty girls do? One of them (Diane Baker) dreams of playboy Robert Evans as the father of her child. But that's no minister he's driving her to (in his foreign sportscar); that's an abortionist. Suzy Parker throws herself at theatrical director Louis Jourdan; he ducks—and she goes out the window. Martha Hyer has nervous hysterics over art editor Donald Harron (he won't divorce his wife). Hope Lange loses her fiance to an oil-well heiress—so she starts wearing hats to the office, and gets a promotion. The hats discourage editor Brian Aherne from pinching her fanny, but they worry editor Stephen Boyd. Boyd's afraid that if the wind stops blowing through Hope's hair she'll turn cold like Crawford. Tired but true, Stephen is available for love. If these girls get the worst of everything it's no wonder. Considering their emotional capacities the wonder is they can hold on to a job.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

— 30 —

life in the city room

Jack Webb
William Conrad
David Nelson
Whitney Blake
Louise Lorimer

■ You may think that things are happening outside—that is, out in the world where people are. Well, that may be where *some* things happen, but the most important things happen inside. Inside a newspaper office where Jack Webb is. Where he is the editor. Tell you what happens there. Nothing. Never have so many reporters and copyboys and city editors and lady editors done so much talking about so little. (Mention the weather in there and you'll get a discourse on the nature of reality—with a two column head.) I'll tell

Kiss by kiss the time ran out



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Presents

FRANK SINATRA

He was one of the forgotten few,
fighting a forgotten war

in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR



Co-starring PETER LAWFORD



STEVE McQUEEN



RICHARD JOHNSON

you some of the things that are happening *outside*, which this newspaper notes in passing: a three-year-old girl wanders into a sewer without her glasses; an ace pilot (relative of a lady editor) makes a test flight: it's raining. But inside! Inside, Jack Webb strolls from desk to desk, curbing his mounting turmoil. He has mounting turmoil because his wife (Whitney Blake) wants to adopt a child—and he doesn't want to. Inside, city editor William Conrad drinks forty cups of coffee, writhes in agony at the sight of David Nelson (he's a copyboy), reels off witticisms as though he were auditioning for the part of a city editor and Elia Kazan were hiding under his desk. Inside, heiress Nancy Valentine indulges in nasalized tirades trying to prove she can *so* be a girl reporter even though she went to Smith (the college, not the cough-drop company). Inside, all is drama of the sort that never gets into a newspaper—and never should.—WARNERS.

BELOVED INFIDEL

a novelist and a lady

Deborah Kerr
Gregory Peck
Eddie Albert
Karin Booth
John Sutton

▪ Last year, Hollywood columnist Sheilah Graham wrote a book about her life. In it was the story of her romance with F. Scott Fitzgerald, one of the outstanding novelists of our time. The book was a natural for a movie—and here it is. With Deborah Kerr as Sheilah and Gregory Peck as F. Scott Fitzgerald. It opens on an ocean liner with Deborah sailing for New York from London, her home. Lord John Sutton doesn't want her to go. He wants her to stay and marry him—even if his mother cuts him off without a cent. Deborah's too practical, too ambitious to accept this sort of proposal. Shortly after her arrival in the States she becomes a reporter, is sent to Hollywood where she attracts attention by sniping at movie stars, notably at the glamour girl of the hour—Karin Booth. Eddie Albert (as the late Robert Benchley) befriends Deborah and, at one of his parties, she meets Gregory Peck. Peck's once-beloved wife has been in a sanitarium for years, his reputation as a novelist is at a low ebb, he drinks too much. He and Deborah fall in love. Their romance is gay, tender, touching. During this period he begins, but never finishes, what critics later consider his most mature novel. But for him happiness comes too late to save him; for Deborah it comes in time to make a real woman of her.—20TH-FOX.

LI'L ABNER

Dogpatch, U.S.A.

Peter Palmer
Leslie Parrish
Stubby Kaye
Howard St. John
Julie Newmar

▪ Just imagine all those beautiful girls from Dogpatch in Technicolor. Imagine Sadie Hawkins' day when the girls chase the fellows and Appassionata (Stella Stevens) puts the 'whammy' on Li'l Abner (Peter Palmer) thus clearing the field of Daisy Mae (Leslie Parrish). Daisy is loved by Earthquake McGoon (Bern Hoffman)—the world's 'champeen dirty wrassler' who is dirty enough to want to steal her away from Abner. But the folks have even bigger problems brought on by the government's decision to use Dogpatch as an atomic testing ground. Dogpatch, according to the government, is the "most useless town in America." Useless! When it can produce a tonic that turns apes into matinee idols? When, under the statue of Jubilation T. Cornpone, is found a tablet signed Abraham Lincoln? Abner takes the town's fight to Washington and before he's through, Dogpatch becomes a national shrine. Lots of songs and lively dancing.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE

adventure at sea

Gary Cooper
Charlton Heston
Michael Redgrave
Emlyn Williams
Virginia McKenna

▪ There's a gale blowing in the English Channel when two ships don't pass each other in the night: they collide. Aboard the *Sea Witch*, a salvage boat, are Charlton Heston and Ben Wright. Aboard the *Mary Deare* is no one—or so it seems when Heston boards her. Only one lifeboat is left, a fire is raging and the ship is heading toward a rocky graveyard. Suddenly Heston is seized from behind by Gary Cooper, the captain himself, a man who looks and acts as if he's been having violent nightmares. The question is: how did the *Mary Deare* deteriorate into practically a ghost ship? The answer is: sabotage, mutiny—even murder. Cooper begins the story which ends in a London Court of Inquiry where he must defend himself against wild accusations. It's an adventure story in the salty old sense—full of blood, thunder and a heavy air of mystery.—MGM.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

north of the Rio Grande

Robert Mitchum
Julie London
Gary Merrill
Pedro Armendariz
Albert Dekker

▪ Robert Mitchum fled to Mexico as a boy—after killing a man who murdered his father. In Mexico he works for Pedro Armendariz who, with his brother, is rich and ambitious for power. This makes Mitchum a hired killer

(Continued on page 8)

. and never so few were the moments left for love!

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

she gave the kind of love that no man forgets!

In A CANTERBURY PRODUCTION

"NEVER SO FEW"




PAUL HENREID

BRIAN DONLEVY

DEAN JONES

Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN • Based On the Novel by TOM T. CHAMALES

Directed by JOHN STURGES • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

new movies

(*Continued from page 7*)

—unloved in any country. One day he crosses the Rio Grande with an oxcart full of smuggled pesos. Pedro sent him to buy guns. Unfortunately, Mitchum breaks his leg when his horse falls. There he lies, north of the border, wanted for an old murder. Albert Dekker, Captain of the Texas Rangers, is willing to forget Mitchum's past if he joins the Rangers. Julie London thinks only of their future. The present is what's bothering her; she's married to dedicated Army Major Gary Merrill. Because of Julie, Mitchum has to shoot a man. Back to Mexico he runs. Unfortunately, Pedro never got the guns he sent pesos for and he blames Mitchum (actually, the Apaches stole them). Pedro's willing to forget the guns if Mitchum agrees to assassinate his—Pedro's—brother. Nothing doing, says Mitchum. Back to the Rio Grande he gallops, trailed by a would-be executioner. En route Mitchum comes upon a patrol led by a dying Merrill and his chief officer LeRoy "Satchel" Paige; they're fighting Apaches. There is no end to the action around Mitchum who, underneath everything, is looking for a little peace of mind.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

A SUMMER PLACE (Warners): This is the place where old passions are rekindled, and new ones burst into flames. Among those with old memories are Richard Egan and Dorothy McGuire, who knew each other long ago on this summer island: he now has a frigid wife (Constance Ford) and she, a drunken husband (Arthur Kennedy). The victims of all these triangles, who build a new life and love together, are Troy Donahue and Sandra Dee. Sandra's unfortunate and unmarried pregnant state brings troubles crashing down on "the summer place."

THE LAST ANGRY MAN (Columbia): Saintly Dr. Paul Muni gets involved with TV executive David Wayne, who is a not-very-good husband to Betsy Palmer and presently stumped over an idea for a new show. Muni's nephew Joby Baker has written an account of Uncle's treatment of a badly beaten girl, left at his door by hoods. The way the story builds into an inspiring TV show and the way all are changed by Muni's noble character make a compelling drama.

CAREER (Paramount): Anthony Franciosa is an acknowledged actor after fourteen years of hellish struggle. It all begins in New York: Tony acts in a company (on the Lower East Side) organized by Dean Martin. He runs into uninterested producers like Robert Middleton, marries middle-class Joan Blackman (it doesn't last). Then Martin forgets old friends as a big-shot in Hollywood and Franciosa marries Middleton's daughter Shirley MacLaine (a lush in love with Martin). Carolyn Jones, Franciosa's agent, is the last member of this complicated clan. It's good therapy for would-be actors.

ON THE BEACH (United Artists): The end of the world is near after an Atomic War. Gregory Peck, Anthony Perkins and Fred Astaire are part of the crew of an American Atomic submarine headed for Australia, the only safe place left. Perkins' wife, Donna Anderson, is pregnant; Ava Gardner is in love with Peck (who remembers only his dead wife and child); Astaire finds nothing left to him but suicide auto-racing. The banner in Melbourne's square says "There's still time, brother." Find out how much!

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED (Columbia): The Grand Duchy of Fenwick is full of people who look like Peter Sellers (he plays the roles of Duchess, Prime Minister and Field Marshal). When a California firm comes out with a cheap wine that imitates the product that keeps Fenwick going, the Duchy declares war on the U. S., and wins! Sellers takes Professor David Kossoff (inventor of the terrible Q-Bomb), his daughter, Jean Seberg, and four policemen as prisoners of war. A funny clever satire.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The big Thalian wingding

Louella's first meeting with Liz

Debbie explains her TV antics



Bob Neal was Debbie's escort for the lavish Thalian benefit. $55,000 was raised that night for the Thalian children's clinic.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Louis Nye and Shirley MacLaine did a rather risque take-off on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."



Dick Powell emceed the show. His June presented an award.



Debbie stops to talk to Jimmy McHugh and Louella.



Tony and Janet (left) think a Milton Berle (second right) joke is even funnier when Ruth Berle (right) tells it.

The Thalian Wingding

This is an annual wingding, with **Debbie Reynolds**, and the others active in this charity for the mentally retarded children's clinic, always working very hard to think of original skits and to put it over with a flourish.

This year the theme for the show was *those lost twenty minutes* out of the Academy Award Show. As emcee **Dick Powell** stated, "This show is being presented *without* the cooperation of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences" (which took an awful drubbing about being twenty minutes short on the last televised awards program).

Jimmy McHugh and I sat at the table with Dick Powell and **June Allyson**, **Dinah Shore**, and **George Montgomery**, **Frances** and **Edgar Bergen** and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy. Dinah is certainly becoming one of the world's best dressed women—her new gown was of rose silk—and really fabulous.

The party was held in the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel and immediately following dinner the show went on. Believe me, the 'awards' were *plenty* crazy—here are some of them:

June Allyson and **Rory Calhoun** presenting the award to "The Outstanding New Personality of the Year" in Hollywood. The winnah—*The Fly*!

Debbie Reynolds and **Hugh O'Brian** made the award to "The Outstanding Contribution by an Outside Industry" (the nominees were Abbey Rents, Home Savings and Loan, and Instant Sweat—Sweat winning).

Groucho Marx awarded the "Best Prop" to the bed in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

This was followed by a skit based on *Cat* with **Shirley MacLaine**, **Ernie Kovacs** and **Louis Nye** playing the parts created by **Liz Taylor**, **Paul Newman** and **Burl Ives.** (A bit risque if you ask me.)

But everyone seemed to have a good time and applauded long and loud when Debbie announced $55,000 had been raised.



Eddie Cantor has a friendly kiss for Liz backstage at the Desert Inn.

Everything's Going for Eddie

Elizabeth Taylor, looking slim and her glamorous self again after losing all that unbecoming weight, sat with us during **Eddie Fisher**'s show at the Desert Inn. As usual, when Eddie is performing, Liz didn't take her eyes off him. And, he still directs all his love songs straight to "Mrs. Fisher," as Eddie always introduces her.

Liz was wearing a black lace cocktail gown and even after the lights were lowered for Eddie's act, a lot of people kept watching Elizabeth—particularly the women.

It was the first time I had spent an evening with Elizabeth since the start of all the Liz-Eddie-Debbie fuss. It's typical of Liz that she made no reference to this interim. Poised and sure of herself as always, she sort of 'picked up,' as it were, where we left off.

At this time, she was terribly upset that MGM was going to suspend her for refusing to do *Butterfield 8* which would kill her chances of doing *Cleopatra* and picking up a cool million dollars offered her by 20th.

(Later, Elizabeth won every point she had demanded in this battle. The script of *Butterfield 8* was rewritten to suit her, with much of the salaciousness taken out. And she was given permission to do *Cleopatra* as well! If you think Elizabeth Taylor isn't a plenty smart business woman you've under-estimated this belle.)

But at this time, she didn't know she was going to get her way. "If I can only accept *Cleopatra* I'll take the money I receive and establish a trust fund for my children which will insure their security for life," she told me.

"I suppose MGM thought if I got the million for *Cleopatra* I would retire without doing the movie I owe them on my old contract," she went on. "I offered to put up the million as collateral to prove my good faith and that I would keep my word to MGM. I never go back on my word," she said firmly.

After Eddie's show, we went with Liz to his dressing room where we had champagne and toasted old times—and new. Eddie was in a wonderful humor and I meant it when I told him he was singing better than I had ever heard him. I've always liked him, and we were so close he used to call me "Mom."

"I'm singing better because I am so happy," he said, putting his arm around "Mrs. Fisher." He drew Liz close and kissed her on the cheek, "I've got everything going for me, Mom," he whispered.

I nominate for **STARDOM**

Diane Baker:

I don't know when I've been more impressed with a newcomer than I am with Diane in *The Best of Everything*. What a socko performance she gives as the pretty little secretary whose love is betrayed by a rich young cad. With her heart-shaped face, wide hazel eyes, a completely natural beauty, she is unlike any other star personality.

At first meeting, she strikes you as a demure, rather strait-laced little person with a formal manner. One of the 20th press agents told me he was in daily contact with Diane for eight weeks making *Best* and it wasn't until the last day of the picture that she called him by his first name!

Also, she stated quite firmly in her polite way that she didn't think she would like to pose for cheesecake *art*. Nor would she attend movie premieres or parties with young actors she didn't know, just to be seen at the right places.

A native of Los Angeles, her parents live here, but Diane doesn't live with them. She has a small apartment at the Chateau Marmont where she lives alone—and likes it. "I'm so single-minded about my career and I study drama so many long hours a day, it's best that I have my own place so I don't upset the routine of my family," she says.

Diane was born in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital during a terrific flood. Her mother is



Dorothy Harrington Baker who used to play in **Marx Brothers** movies; her father is Clyde Baker, former USC star athlete. Diane attended local grade schools until her family moved to Laguna and it was in the little beach resort town that she became interested in school plays. Later, at Van Nuys High school, Diane was the star of the drama class. The rest of her way to a studio contract is almost routine—modeling, beauty contests, TV commercials in New York and then the proverbial talent cout for 20th.



Frankie, Bing, and Dean arrived late because they'd been taping a TV show.

PARTY *of the month*

I always get a kick out of the way movie stars lionize sports figures when they meet them in person—the stars are really the biggest fans in the world.

At the party Kitty Le Roy gave honoring Mervyn's birthday, at the beautiful home of the Le Roys in Bel Air, Walter O'Malley, president of the World Champion Dodgers, was there as was his charming wife. And Mr. O'Malley had more movie stars hanging avidly on every word he uttered than the original Pied Piper had children on his trail.

The biggest Dodger fan, of course, is Mervyn, and he was as delighted as a kid when the O'Malleys gifted him with a regulation Dodger baseball suit with his lucky number, sixty-two, written on it.

Frank Sinatra, **Bing Crosby** and **Dean Martin** arrived late, after dinner, as they had been taping Frank's TV show on which Bing and Dean made guest appearances. But like all the rest of us they headed straight for Mr. O'Malley to get the 'inside' on how the Cinderella team of all time won the World Series.

I overheard Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** telling Mrs. O'Malley that she is such a Dodger fan she is going to become an American citizen!

Next to baseball, the Stork was the important topic and a pretty group of mothers-to-be compared nursery notes. Among them was **Dana Wynter** (Mrs. Greg Bautzer) who looked so beautiful in a maternity gown; also Mrs. **Dick Shawn** (her husband has a top role in Mervyn's new movie *Wake Me When It's Over*) who is expecting their second, even though their first child is not yet a year old, and Los Angeles' Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman.

Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart** sat at our table and Gloria and I told **Mary** (Mrs. **Jack**) **Benny** we'd like to take that beautiful dress of hers right off her back. It was a flowered satin with two shades of red roses—a knockout.

George's Royal Rolls

A handsome young man who asked me to go riding offered and produced a conveyance much to my taste. **George Hamilton**, the new white hope at MGM, invited me to dine with him and called for me in a Rolls-Royce.

Such style! When I asked George, who has made only one or two films, how he came by such a swanky car he said:

"The Rolls originally belonged to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth," this tall, dark and handsome twenty-six-year-old charmer said. (He hails from a wealthy and social family of Florida and had money before he entered pictures.)

He continued, "The Royal family couldn't use the car during the war so it was shipped to America. It's the first car I've bought for myself—and I love it."

Unlike many of the new young bachelors on their way up the movie ladder, George didn't mind discussing his dates. When he was in Mississippi on location making *Home From The Hill* he had met Lynda Lee Meade. He escorted her to a couple of parties.

"When she later won the 'Miss America' contest, I called her to congratulate her," George told me. "She's really a very nice girl and I hope to meet her again when I go East again—or South." He doesn't know exactly when that will be as he is soon starting *Cimarron* and it has a long shooting schedule. But George likes Lynda Lee and doesn't mind admitting it.



George Hamilton, MGM's new white hope, drives a swanky 1938 Rolls-Royce that used to belong to England's King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.







Debbie on the Paar Show:

Debbie Reynolds telephoned to ask me and Jimmy McHugh to be her guests at the Thalian party and while I had her ear I asked, "What got into you to go on such a rampage on **Jack Paar**'s TV show—tearing off his shirt and all that nonsense?"

Debbie's antics had stirred up a lot of comment, not all of it complimentary.

She said, "Jack told me not to be serious—to live it up and act like I was having fun." Debbie sounded really chastened as she added, "I'm sorry if some people got the wrong impression."

Changing the subject, I said, "At least six people have called me this morning saying that Harry Karl has just paid $400,000 for an estate next to Dinah Shore's and that he bought the house for a honeymoon home for you. True or false?"

This time, Debbie really laughed. "You know it isn't true. I like Harry. He's a nice man and a thoughtful one. But there's absolutely no thought of marriage between us and never has been."

"How are those wonderful babies?" I asked, meaning adorable little Carrie Frances and Todd.

"I sent them up to be with **Eddie** in Las Vegas over the week end," Debbie said, "and I never knew how much I could miss them! But it is only right that Eddie should have some time with Carrie Frances and Todd. Believe me, though, I was the happiest mother in town when they got home this evening."







France Nuyen hasn't apologized for her inexcusable behavior when photographers tried to snap her and Marlon Brando.



I'm on my SOAP BOX

... to say I think the conduct of **France Nuyen** (who may be the next Mrs. **Marlon Brando**) at the Miami airport when she and Marlon flew back from a little vacation in Haiti, was inexcusable. Miss Nuyen saw fit to strike out at reporters and photographers who report her conversation equally torrid.

Surprisingly, Marlon stood by more or less calmly—maybe he was so taken with the behavior of his companion he decided to let her handle affairs for the two of them.

France kept yelling something about her privacy—which is a laugh. When a young lady who is the star of a hit New York show, *The World of Suzie Wong*, decides to take a trip with a young man who is probably one of the most famous actors in the world, she may expect many things—but *privacy* isn't one of them!

True, Marlon and France assumed fake names, even to changing initials on their luggage—but where in the world did they think they could go, except on a rocket to the moon, and not be recognized?

One of the prices of rather unorthodox behavior is some completely orthodox publicity. You can't have your fame—and be *nobodies* too.

As France intends to resume her film career (she debuted in *South Pacific*) at 20th Century-Fox after the run of her play, it might behoove her to improve her relations with the press. Her boyfriend is a *big* star—but she isn't, yet.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



The great crowd of three hundred fans who waited outside the chapel at Errol Flynn's funeral behaved with decorum and respectful tribute.

The Funeral

Wiser men than I have puzzled over the workings of the mass mind. In other words, who knows what the public is going to do?

When six hundred people showed up for the funeral of **Errol Flynn**—only three hundred of them friends (inside the Chapel at Forest Lawn) and the others, fans and curious mourners—they behaved with such decorum and respectful tribute to the late great swashbuckling star, I couldn't help but recall another recent funeral.

At the funeral of **Tyrone Power**, who lived, breathed and died like a gentleman—a boisterous crowd behaved like hoodlums. They screamed and yelled, and tore flowers off the wreaths to stick in their hair and brought box lunches to munch beside his grave. Hysteria marked the whole shocking proceedings.

Yet, the general deportment at the last rites for Errol—that gay scalawag—was as dignified as though a statesman was being laid to rest.

I'm not going into all the angles of Errol's death. The less said about the **Aadland** girl, the better.

I prefer to remember Errol as the gay charming, devilishly handsome man he was at the height of his stardom. He was a delightful friend, witty, well read, a fine conversationalist. He was also his own worst enemy.

The last time he came to town, he called me, as he always did, and we talked over the telephone. The papers were full of his arrival here with his "protege."

I remember I said to him, "Errol, I don't approve of you. But I like you—and I always will."

And I always will.

The Crosby Rift Is Healed

Had quite a nice talk with **Bing Crosby** who, the very next night, patched up his long standing feud with son **Gary** by dropping by the Moulin Rouge to catch the act of the **Crosby Boys**. I'm so glad this rift has been healed. It was so distressing and disillusioning to all the Crosby fans and friends.

Bing was happy, too, about his first little daughter, Mary Frances. He was every inch the proud father, bustin' his buttons with pride, when he told me, "She's the daintiest little doll you ever saw—such a little beauty and with the loveliest hands."

I have a feeling that not only will her famous dad spoil Missy Crosby, but so will those big brothers of hers. **Lindsay**, the youngest, stood up as godfather when Mary Frances was baptized and he presented her with a tiny cross of diamonds.



Bing thought his sons' act at the Moulin Rouge Club was "great." Left to right are Philip, Lindsay, Gary (with his arm around his dad), Bing and Dennis.

Predictions for 1960

If you'll go along with me I think I'll have a little fun at this season of the year and look into my private crystal ball to predict what I think is coming up in Hollywood news during 1960. I think—

Kim Novak will become the bride of director Richard Quine. . . .

Marlon Brando will marry **France Nuyen** (see SOAPBOX)....

Hope Lange will be the bright new star of 20th pictures. In *The Best of Everything* Hope gives promise of being a new **Grace Kelly**....

The **David Nivens'** reconciliation will stick....

Elvis Presley will return to his career—and even greater popularity than he enjoyed before serving his stint in the Army in Germany (and believe me that's plenty *popular*). Producers are already battling to get first call on Elvis after his Hal Wallis movie, partially completed....

Shirley MacLaine will get quite temperamental until she comes to her senses, and the level-headed girl she really is, and realizes being "a feminine **Frank Sinatra**" doesn't pay.



Elvis (right) and producer Hal Wallis relax between scenes of "G.I. Blues." The background is filmed in Germany; the rest will be filmed in the States.



Louella predicts that the recent reconciliation of handsome David Niven and his lovely wife Hjordis is going to stick.

No Motor Scooter for Louella

This has been my month for invitations from good-looking young men to go riding with them in an assortment of vehicles.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes and I hit it off great when we met at Dino's at dinner one night. A few afternoons later he came a'calling at my home and didn't once comb his hair!

"Kookie," who has sent the teenagers into their loudest squeals since the advent of **Elvis Presley**, flattered me by saying he had been dying to meet me. Now girls, don't get *too* jealous but he invited me to take a ride on his motor scooter.

"You must be kidding," I gasped.

"Oh, no—it's safe," he laughed. "It has a side car which is very comfortable. The studio (Warners) won't let me drive it except around the lot—so there's no danger."

I told "Kookie" I would take this into consideration, but you can bet your last dollar I'm taking no rides in that contraption—"Kookie" or no "Kookie."

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Hurray for "The Best of Everything" and wonderful Hope Lange.



Tab is as talented as ever, but he's been better on TV than in movies.



A fan predicts Audrey Hepburn will get an Oscar for "The Nun's Story."



Kay Kendall has left a wonderful legacy—magnificent courage.



The Tuesday Weld controversy rages; some like her originality.



The **Tuesday Weld** controversy rages and rages! ENID DEVORE, ATLANTA, represents one school: *Hurrah for Tuesday who dares to be herself in convention-ridden Hollywood! She has courage and guts to defy those who would mold every young girl on the screen into another* ***Sandra Dee****. So Tuesday goes barefoot? So her hair looks like a mop? So she sounds like a beatnik? She's different—she's original, she's herself!*

Now comes MRS. BOB BEERS, LOS ANGELES: *Never have I seen anything on TV as disgusting as Tuesday Weld on* ***Paul Coates'*** *TV show. Looking like nothing ever seen before (wasn't she wearing a nightgown?), her answers to intelligent questions were as fuzzy as her eyes. Can't someone stop this What's-Her-Name before other silly young girls start acting like her?*

BLINKY CHAMPAGNE, COVINGTON, LA., (is that a real name, Blinky?), writes: *Shame on you, Louella. You have let* ***Tab Hunter*** *down as much as his fickle fans. Two or three years ago your* MODERN SCREEN *news was filled with Tab and his doings. Now—silence where he is concerned. Isn't he as talented as ever?* Yes, although Tab's TV appearances have been better than his recent movies. Tab was lost in *That Kind of Woman.*

Hollywood need look no more for next year's Oscar winner among the women stars, opines CLARISSA BURNSIDE, EAST DETROIT, MICH. ***Audrey Hepburn*** *will get it hands down for her superb performance in* THE NUN'S STORY. Audrey thanks you, I'm sure, Clarissa.

KAY ELIZABETH DIETZ, MT. PROSPECT, ILL., writes a beautiful letter about **Kay Kendall.** *How terrible the loss of her gaiety, her beauty and her talent. But what a wonderful legacy she left us with—her magnificent courage.*

HANS J. RING, NEW HAVEN, CONN., writes a most intelligent letter in excellent English. *I have been in this country for only two months, having come over from Germany to make my permanent home here. My first impression on movies and movie magazines is there is too much emphasis on teenagers and their preferences. Write please about* ***June Allyson*** *(where is she hiding?),* ***Jessie Royce Landis*** *and* ***Thelma Ritter.*** June has her own TV show, Hans. Jessie Royce Landis is very good in *North By Northwest* and Thelma is all over the screen and TV.

Will PEARL JOHNSTON, ARLEE, MONTANA, who wrote the lovely poem in memory of **Ritchie Valens** (I printed a part of it in this department) please send copies of the entire poem to MARY ANNE MANFF, 3807 VERMONT RD., ATLANTA 19, GA., (she is president of the Ritchie Valens Memorial Club and also to LOIS TELLER, 630 PASADENA AVE., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.?

Did ***William Holden*** *leave this country to live in Switzerland to deliberately avoid paying income taxes in the U.S.A.?* indignantly inquires LILLIAN V. MCMASTERS, NEW YORK, N.Y. He says not, Mrs. McV.—Bill says he can keep his eye on his business interests (Japan and Africa) better if he locates in Europe. At least, that's what the man says.

MAUREEN CASSIDAY, FT. WORTH, TEXAS, says she is just sixteen years old, *but pretty smart,* in her own words: *I can tell producers they won't start making big money again until they again start making love stories like* LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING *or* THE BEST OF EVERYTHING *which I have just seen. Men's stories, Westerns, war yarns, etc., do not draw in the women. Hurray for* THE BEST OF EVERYTHING *and wonderful* ***Diane Baker*** *and* ***Hope Lange.***

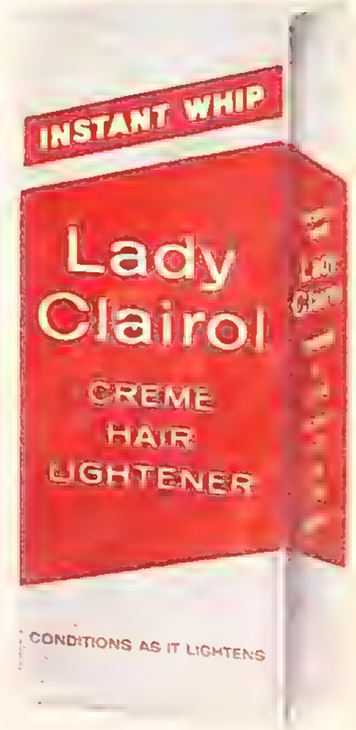
That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener

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5 Evening in Paris treasures in a gleaming satin boudoir box 5.00



Vanity Set, 6 glamour accessories in a fabulous jewel case 7.50



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GIFTS, $1 TO $25



The hard-to-find "little" gift, cologne and purse perfume 1.00



GENEVIEVE, TV AND CADENCE RECORDING STAR

this season we celebrate
the birth of our lord.
we celebrate the
birth of a new year,
a new decade.
and we celebrate all this
in joy and hope.
but this season,
we're also forced to mourn.
two men have died
who meant much to us.
one man could sing
like an angel.
the other...well, he was
sometimes thought of
as a devil...
except by his friends.
much of hollywood's glory
and excitement died with

MARIO
AND
ERROL

an ave maria for mario

PHILADELPHIA—1921: The midwife wrapped the baby in a soft white blanket and placed it in its weary mother's arms. Then she turned to the dark, good-looking man who sat in the wheelchair alongside the bed—the new baby's father, wounded badly, permanently, in the Great War that had ended only a couple of years before—and she asked, "Now it is the time for the three of you to be alone—







you and your wife and your new one, eh?"

The man nodded.

"And for me," the midwife continued, "it is time to go and make myself a nice big cup of coffee."

She left the bedroom of the apartment and went to the kitchen. It wasn't long after, as she sat at the table, sipping from her cup, that she heard a knock on the door.

"Yes?" she called out.

A neighbor woman poked her head in.

"I heard the screaming, from upstairs . . . Is it born yet?" she asked, excitedly.

"Yes," the midwife said, "it is born."

"A boy, like they wanted?" *(Continued on page 70)*



Beverly Aadland:

"ERROL FLYNN DIED IN MY ARMS"



BY GEORGE CARPOZI, JR.

Errol Flynn died the way he lived, surrounded by the things he liked best—good liquor and a beautiful young girl.

He died in the arms of that girl, a shapely, sexy blonde who professed her love openly and unabashedly, more so than any other woman who shared the moments and years with the erratic playboy-actor during his stormy life.

Moments before death took Errol Flynn at the age of fifty in Vancouver, B. C., last October 15, he looked up into the eyes of his seventeen-year-old sweetheart, Beverly Aadland. He saw tears streaking down her cheeks. A wan smile broke on his lips as he studied the anxiety and grief on her face.

Errol's lips trembled. He seemed to be trying to speak. He looked as if he wanted to reassure Beverly—

"I have no complaints about my life. I've enjoyed every minute of it."

But Beverly, her hair wildly tangled and with (*Continued on page 58*)





COOL IT DEBBIE!

DEAR DEBBIE:

We watched you on the Jack Paar Show.

We stayed up past midnight *just* to see you.

There is a running gag on the show about *what Jack Paar is really like.*

And we felt the candidness of this late-hour program would give us an idea of *what Debbie Reynolds is really like these days.*

You see, Debbie, reports have been coming into our office about the way you have changed. Reports on (*Continued on page 66*)

Annette Funicello and
Paul Anka discover...

THE THRILL

oF FiRST LOVE

■ Running across the meadow hand in hand with Paul Anka, Annette Funicello is living one of the most delicious moments of her romance with Paul. But anguish as well as beauty has marked their tender affair. And when night falls, Annette's mind will be clouded with those special doubts and torments known to every girl who has fallen in love for the first time. And then, in the midst of her doubting, she will remember, poignantly, that day she first knew the sweetness of love. . . .

(Continued on page 73)

■ On a day when he was fourteen, he put his childhood behind him. He walked out of the bare, white-tiled hospital that smelled of carbolic acid and fear into a fall afternoon, grey sky, and a brightness in the leaves, and children screaming on roller skates, but the life of the street washed around him blurrily. The only reality he knew was back in that high white bed where his father lay. *He's going to die,* the boy thought, *he's going to die,* and he pressed a round gold watch to his cheek in a queer, half-hunching gesture.

He had been eleven years old, when the sickness hit his father. Eleven years old, and a junior high school kid. He and the other guys were crazy about sports, they hung around the drugstore drinking cokes and teasing girls, and they dreamed of racing hot rods, diving for treasure in the south seas, playing big-league baseball, flying jet planes. Merle Johnson, Jr., had one other dream, though. The big one. To be an actor.

At home on Long Island he was exposed to plenty of theater. His mother, Edith Johnson, had been an actress;

THROW

his father was head of the motion picture division of General Motors. Maybe they knew too much about the pain the phoniness, the struggle. Anyhow, they didn't want it fo their boy. He'd mentioned the stage, the movies, and they'd sigh. "No, dear," they'd say. Sometimes, in be at night, plotting his secret future, he'd wonder why, and he'd fall asleep thinking of his name in lights, and Elizabeth Taylor kissing him as she handed him his Oscar or Helen Hayes making a little speech in which she declared that she hadn't enjoyed a young man's performance so much since th last time she'd caught her very own son.

His father's sickness changed everything. There wasn't any cure. He remembered that terrifying day when his mother told him "Darling," she said, "you have a right to know. But the doctor agrees that we shouldn't say anything to Daddy. It wouldn't do any good, and there's no need—"

At eleven, then, the boy shared a secret which would have weighed heavily on a much (*Continued on page* 64)



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers

We were afraid we couldn't have a baby. We had been hoping for a little son or daughter of our own to bless our home ever since we were married in January of 1957. But as the

(*Continued on page 56*)



Eddie's



Love Cured Me!

■ To those of us who know Liz Taylor—who've seen her recently, been with her these past few weeks—one fact is extraordinary:

Never in her life has she been happier, healthier, more content, more calm, than since her marriage to Eddie Fisher.

This includes the short, supposedly-fabulous period of time she was married to Mike Todd.

Certainly this includes the years she spent as the wife of Michael Wilding.

And Nicky Hilton.

The years of her childhood, when she was the most beautiful and the most spoiled young girl in all of Hollywood. . . .

Most of you have been reading about Liz for years. You've read about some of the downs in her life. But mostly you've read about the ups, the good times, the gay times, the marvelous times that have been bestowed on this loveliest of all movie princesses.

Let us say, right here and now, that those accounts of the good, gay, marvelous times were very much exaggerated.

For here is a girl who, until now, has not been very happy.

Who has, indeed, suffered.

Who has suffered physical pain.

Heartbreak.

And an emotional instability so terrible that, more than once, she has been on the verge of a serious nervous breakdown. . . .

Those of us who know Liz Taylor see the bright look in her eyes today, and we remember the times when those eyes were filled with tears.

The tears, for instance, brought on by the awful pain her back condition would cause her.

"An imagined condition, purely psychosomatic," some people have shrugged.

"A very real condition," others have said, "a slipped disc that has required operation after operation."

Real or (*Continued on page 69*)

Bette Davis's little girl
lives very far away...
in a world no normal person
has ever entered.
She comes home only once a year...

Home For Christmas

■ The beautiful blue-eyed girl, nine years old, will sit at the table in the big Hollywood house this Christmas afternoon to come.

She will talk a little, as well as she can talk.

She will eat a little.

But she will, mostly, just sit there at her place at the large table, looking at the others.

And the others will smile at her.

And they will say nice things to her.

And they will pretend that nothing is wrong, that she does not have to leave them, soon, that the place from which she came—to which she must return—is far away. They will pretend for the few hours they are together.

These short and very precious hours.

These blessed hours of Christmas Day. . . .

It all began at another Christmastime, a night in December of 1951, as Bette Davis opened the door of her daughter Barbara's bedroom, to see if the child was still asleep.

She wasn't, and Bette turned on a lamp and smiled.

"Beedee," she said, "your daddy and I have a surprise for you."

The five-year-old sat up in bed. "Is Santa Claus here already?" she asked, rubbing her eyes. (*Continued on page 67*)

Christmas 1951. Bette and Gary did not realize baby Margot (right) was ill.



THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

A
SPECIAL
16 PAGE
END
OF THE
DECADE
REPORT
FROM THE
EDITOR

In the fabulous fifties
we learned that
fairy tales could come true...

April 19, 1956, Grace Kelly and her parents kneel beside Prince Rainier at royal wedding.



This afternoon, while our two small children were napping, my wife and I went down to the basement to see if we could ferret out the three (or was it four?) boxes of Christmas tree ornaments we had stored away last January. If your basement is anything like ours, then you can probably imagine what happened to us—at least the beginning of it. We hadn't been there five minutes when the only light in the place blew its brains out, plunging us into total darkness. While I fumbled about in vain for a flashlight, my wife (the practical member of our family) made her way cautiously towards the steps, intent on getting a new bulb upstairs. Fate, however, had a detour planned, and instead of guiding her foot onto the first step, it guided it onto a collapsed old baby-stroller. From where I stood at the far end of the cellar all I heard was a dull thump and then a long relentless moaning. Somehow, despite the pitch blackness, I was suddenly able to make things out quite clearly. Maybe my eyes had adjusted to the dark, or maybe there is, after all, some extra candle-power within us which, in times of extreme necessity, casts its own ray of light. Whatever the explanation, I reached my wife in a flash to find her lying motionless, flat on her face. I bent down.

"Can you get up?" I whispered.

"Of course I can!" she said, leaping to her feet and dusting herself off.

"You mean you aren't hurt? From the way you were moaning I thought...."

"I wasn't moaning," she said, looking at me sheepishly. "I was cursing. You know I never curse out loud. Now let's get a —— —— light down here so we can see what we're doing. If it hadn't been for that pile of old magazines I might really have conked myself."

That pile of old magazines that had broken her fall against the hard concrete floor, those wonderful soft old paper magazines (which I had been too lazy to burn) were, we discovered when we came back with a light bulb five minutes later, movie magazines—a bunch of old *Hollywood Yearbooks, Hollywood Romances, Screen Albums,* and a complete collection of *Modern Screens* going back to 1950. All of which proves what I've been saying ever since I became an editor: If you want to stay healthy, happy and safe in this dark cruel world buy lots and lots of *Modern Screens*! They saved my wife, and they might save you.

But seriously, when we'd pulled ourselves together, Astrid insisted we put the baby-stroller in a safe place (the garbage), and straighten out the magazines, which were scattered around like cards in a game of 52-Pick-Up. I got a cardboard carton and we started piling them in when suddenly she turned to me out of the blue and said, "Guess when Eddie walked out on Debbie?"

"In the morning?" I said.

"C'mon, really, when?" she insisted.

It was an age when

teenagers with guitars

could become kings...





'Fabulous' Fabian



Tommy Sands



Ricky Nelson

Let me explain at this point that my wife, who is otherwise normal, does have one special form of madness—a tendency at certain times to believe she's a quizmaster and I'm a contestant. After years of marriage I've found that if I play along seriously for five or ten minutes the madness passes and she resumes her role as a housewife again. So, I furrowed my brow, wiped some imaginary sweat off it with a handkerchief, and tried to come up with the answer. This quiz was definitely not fixed and I was in deep trouble. I tried to visualize the hundreds of photos I'd seen of Liz and Eddie in New York when they spent their first notorious week end at Grossingers. Was it last year, or the year before? Were they wearing overcoats? Was it March or September? Lives and loves change so quickly in Hollywood it's almost impossible to keep track, and yesterday usually seems like a million years ago. For the life of me I couldn't remember.

"Your time is up," she said, handing me a dusty copy of MODERN SCREEN which had a picture of Debbie and Eddie on the cover and, in large black type, the historic words WHY EDDIE WALKED OUT ON DEBBIE. The date on the magazine was July, 1955.

"Seems like walking out on Debbie was an old established custom with Mr. Fisher," said my wife. "Even before they were married. Look."

She opened to the article and there it was—all the postponed wedding plans, the hassles with business managers, the problems, the uncountable problems that Debbie and Eddie, not yet married, were already facing—or perhaps I should say running away from. "The seeds of future tragedy," I intoned in my most philosophical voice, "were planted from the very beginning."

"Well, I don't know about seeds," said Astrid, "but I do know we've got to find those Christmas decorations. Now hurry up and start looking. I hear the kids." And off she ran to the children's room, leaving me sitting there alone marveling at the supernatural ability mothers have to hear the cries of their children no matter how far away they are or how many doors and walls are shut between them. The ability to listen with their hearts. I found myself wondering whether trained baby nurses (we'd never had one) could also listen with their hearts, and I decided that probably they couldn't, and then I found myself thinking of all those mothers in Hollywood who, like Debbie, had to hire nurses to bring up their children, competent efficient nurses who could do everything for the children except, perhaps, listen with their hearts.

Suddenly the top of my head began to itch. Now when the top of my head begins to itch, it always means (except in mosquito season) that I've got what the Italians call "a bad thought." I tried to figure it out. I'd been thinking about Debbie, or, more specifically, about her children Carrie Frances and

Todd Emanuel. I had probably been feeling a little sorry for them, feeling that my own kids, David and Erika, who are just about the same age as Debbie's, were more fortunate because at that moment they were being diapered and dressed by their own mom. I guess, to be perfectly honest, I was congratulating myself that, though Debbie was rich and famous and talented, somehow *our house was better than their house.* And the more I kept thinking of this the harder my head kept itching away, obviously trying to tell me something.

"Okay, Head," I said finally, "what's bothering you—I mean me?"

To which my Head calmly replied, "That thought we just had about being better off than someone else is just what causes so much tragedy for so many people in Hollywood. If I may quote from the Bible, *Pride goeth before a fall. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.* Now you see those old magazines, well, they're not exactly Bibles but they make the same point. They're filled with pictures of the most beautiful, rich, exalted, proud people in the world, and what happens to these people? Pull over an orange-crate, make yourself comfortable, and take a look. . . ."

For more than an hour I sat there in the chilly cellar turning through hundreds of dusty pages of Life in Hollywood in the decade that is almost over now—the decade of the Fifties. I heard again Ingrid Bergman's anguished cry, "I'm not a saint, I'm human!" as she carried the baby of Roberto Rossellini safe in her womb against the outrage of a shocked world. I looked again at the joyous faces of "perfect couples" like Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton uniting in "ideal marriages" doomed to wither and die overnight. I read again all the sad sordid details in the lives of Rita, Lana, and Ava, the triple goddesses of the post-war years, the most envied women in the world, setting their feet on paths leading to heartbreak, murder, and lonely exile. I shuddered again as Judy Garland in her twenty-seventh year, the girl I had fallen in love with when she was Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz,* put a knife to her throat and slashed herself in an agony of unknown despair. And again and again I paused at pictures of a girl who really had everything, not only fame, fortune, beauty and a distinguished husband but the rarer advantage of having been born into a home of taste, culture and refinement, a girl named Gene Tierney who in 1950 was acknowledged by *Modern Screen* as the best-dressed star in Hollywood and who this past October was discovered (at the age of 37) working as a sales clerk in a clothing shop in Topeka, Kansas. I looked and nodded, beginning to understand, when suddenly my head began to itch again.

"Here we go, with that same old bad thought," said my Head, "congratulating ourselves that, though we've had our little problems, we've never



In 1955, Hollywood worried about Susan Hayward's sleeping-pill suicide try.

But it was an age
when our luckiest and
most glamorous people
got into the worst troubles.

In 1958, the world worried about a murder by Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl.



really hit bottom. It's almost Christmas and we're forgetting one of the profund truths He left us—that suffering is ennobling, that *He who would save his life must first lose it.* Do you see that picture of Frank Sinatra on page 45?"

I turned to page 45. The year was 1951. The picture was a pitiful one, of a shell of a man walking along a desolate beach in autumn, his trousers rolled up, his head hanging down wearily as a flower at the end of autumn hangs its head on a thin dry stem.

"How does he look?" asked my Head.

"Awful," I had to admit.

"Weight: 112. Identifying marks: razor scars on wrist. Marital status: lousy. Mental attitude: extremely lousy. Career: a total washout. Future?"

"Absolutely, positively brilliant," I answered. "But if you're trying to tell me that Frank Sinatra suddenly became a great actor and a great singer *because* he had fallen so low, well. . . ."

"What's the matter with you?" said a strangely familiar, high-pitched voice, and I looked up to see my wife standing on the cellar stairs, staring at me incredulously and scratching her head.

"Do you know why your head itches?" I said.

"Now I know you're crazy. Do you realize I've been standing here for ten minutes and all you've been doing is mumbling to yourself? As a matter of fact, what *have* you been doing?"

"It so happens," I smiled, "that I've been making a study of life in Hollywood in the 1950's, so that the next time you start in with one of your ridiculous quizzes you won't be dealing with any lunkhead—at least in that category. Go on," I said, "ask me a question. Anything."

I knew I had her then. Her frown disappeared, that well-known madness lit up her eyes gaily, she came down the steps and, using an old broom for a microphone, said, "Your first question is state the important events in Hollywood by years, beginning with the year 1950. You have exactly six minutes."

Well, with an unorganized bean like mine that couldn't even remember when Debbie married Eddie, I knew she'd stumped me again. Then suddenly I realized that in the inside pocket of my jacket was a carbon copy of an excellent, informed article Louella Parsons had just written for *Modern Screen's Hollywood Yearbook,* in which Louella had, among the many interesting things she had to say, listed the important events of the Fifties year by year. A wild thought came upon me. "It just so happens," I lied, that I knew you were going to ask that question and so, for the sake of time, I've written down my answers." At which point I took out the article, moved back aways so she could not see that it was a typed carbon, and coolly began to shoot the answers to her.

We were constantly being shocked, constantly being asked to forgive, and constantly forgiving.



1950. The world ostracized Ingrid Bergman when she fell in love with Roberto Rossellini.

But when she came to claim her Oscar in 1956, a forgiving public welcomed her back.



1950: The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love story set the world on fire—particularly after the birth of their love child, Robertino.

No. 2 Passion was Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra, so explosive in their romance that Nancy Sinatra was forced to file for divorce.

Whispers were strong that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan were tired of marriage and—each other.

Shirley Temple admits she is in love with San Francisco business man Charles Black and will marry him following her disillusioning divorce from John Agar.

Elizabeth Taylor says "I Do" to hotel scion, Nicky Hilton Jr., in what the newspapers hail as "a story book" wedding in Beverly Hills.

Clark Gable elopes with Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Cary Grant and Betsy Drake marry.

The Oscars were won by Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday* and Jose Ferrer for *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

1951: Dawns sadly with the death of Dixie Lee Crosby from lingering malignancy.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton end five months of marriage.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping divorce.

Frank Sinatra marries Ava Gardner.

Carlton Carpenter is the "teenagers' delight."

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak welcome daughter, Katrina.

Errol Flynn marries Patrice Wymore.

Marlon Brando, little known actor from Broadway, arrives to start his film career.

Oscars are won by Vivien Leigh in *Streetcar Named Desire* and by Humphrey Bogart in *African Queen.*

1952: Pia Lindstrom breaks heart of mother Ingrid Bergman with headline statement: "I do not want to go to my mother. I do not love her. I love my father."

Battles between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra hit all gossip columns.

Shirley Temple nearly dies in birth of son at Bethesda Naval Hospital, Maryland, where Lt. Charles Black is stationed.

Asphalt Jungle in general release has made a new star of a blonde, pouty girl who plays just a bit—Marilyn Monroe.

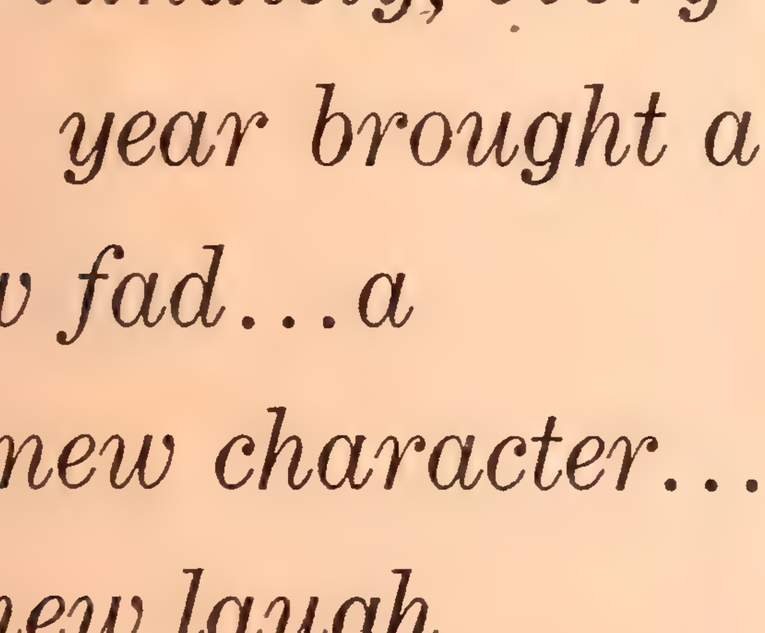
Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine continue un-sisterly feud.

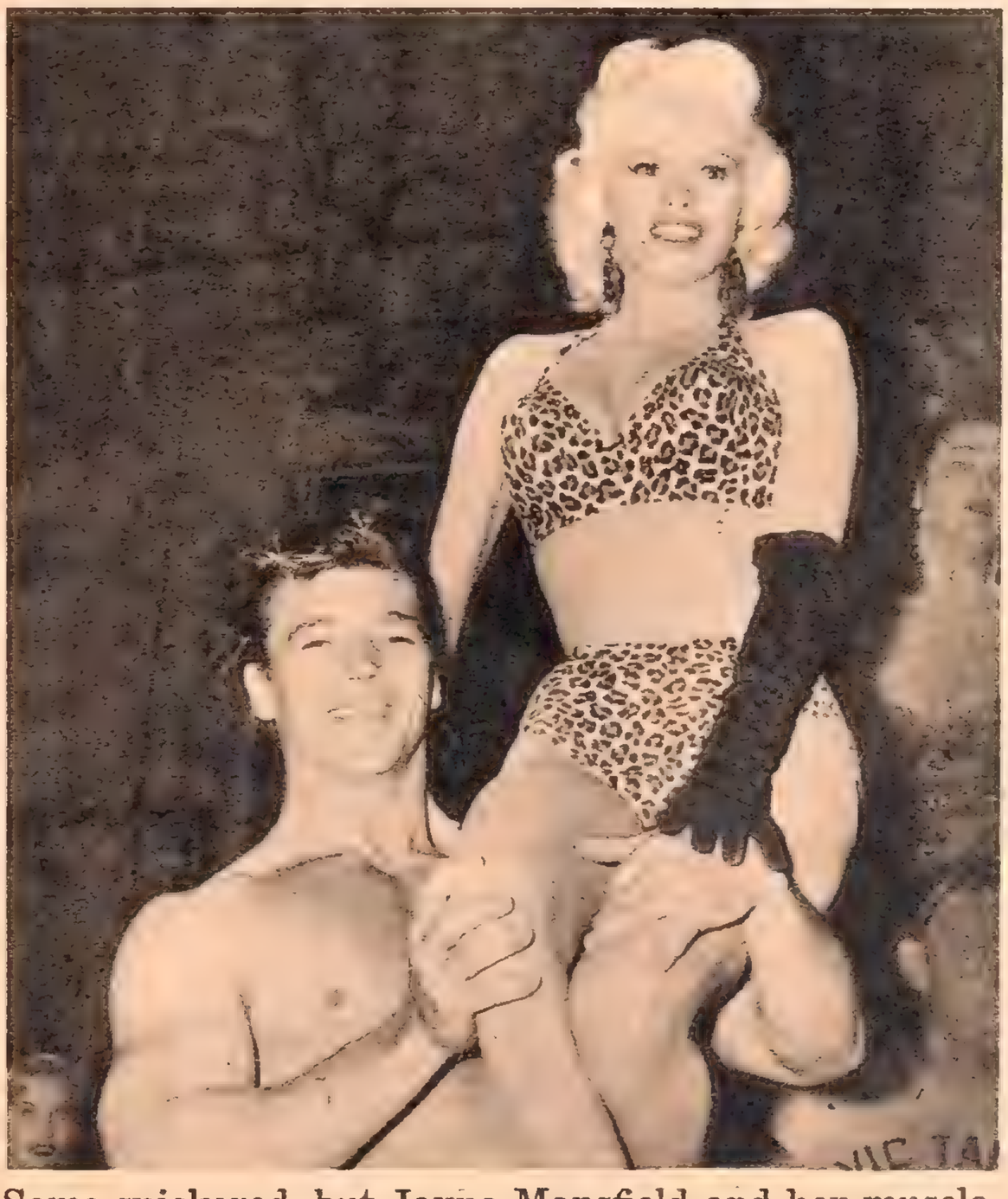
Oscars are won by Shirley Booth in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and by Gary Cooper in *High Noon.*

1955. The teenagers may have laughed, but Liberace was dear to the hearts of a million middle-aged ladies.

Fortunately, every year brought a new fad...a new character... a new laugh.

1955's hottest fad, Davy Crockett.





Some snickered, but Jayne Mansfield and her muscle-man, Mickey Hargitay, were made for each other.

1953: Rita Hayworth marries Dick Haymes in Las Vegas. Says, "This marriage will stick."

Rumors out of Africa are that Clark Gable (divorced from Lady Ashley) and pretty newcomer Grace Kelly are "in love" on location on *Mogambo*.

Olivia de Havilland marries Paris magazine journalist Pierre Galante.

Beautiful Suzan Ball saddens hearts of fans by having a leg amputated because of cancer.

Elizabeth Taylor and new husband Michael Wilding on Stork's list.

The Gregory Pecks end their marriage. Rumors that Greg will marry Veronique Passani.

Bing Crosby's dates with Mona Freeman stir up much talk. But everyone convinced Bing will never marry again.

Big news of the Oscars this year is that "best support" is won by Frank Sinatra, launching him on brilliant acting career.

1954: Debbie Reynolds gives up dating Robert Wagner and starts dating Eddie Fisher. (Heaven help us all!)

Marilyn Monroe and Joe di Maggio in bombshell divorce after short marriage. Marilyn starts kicking up heels on contracts.

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone marry despite belief that Pier was very much in love with new rage, James Dean, of *East of Eden* fame.

Beloved Lionel Barrymore passes.

Robert Taylor marries Ursula Theiss after a divorce and 13 years of marriage to Barbara Stanwyck.

Peter Lawford, new "teenagers' delight," marries Patricia Kennedy, daughter of former Ambassador to England, Joseph Kennedy, and sister of Senator John Kennedy.

John Wayne and Pilar Pallette wed in Honolulu.

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian divorce. Ditto Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, both couples with much bitterness.

Grace Kelly soars to stardom in *The Country Girl* for which she wins an Oscar. Marlon Brando wins for the males in *On the Waterfront*.

Hottest box office attractions in Hollywood: Marlon Brando, Grace Kelly, and James Dean.

1955: Liberace, the rage of the TV screen, makes his screen debut in the financially disastrous *Sincerely Yours*, proving that the public won't pay to see what it can get free on TV.

Mario Lanza starts a series of explosive headlines having nervous-breakdown tantrums at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. His entire career is imperiled.



1952: Brando is first beat.



1955: Jimmy Dean, the loneliest beat, dies in a race car crash.

1959: Sixteen-year-old Tuesday's Queen of beats.



No one seemed to know whether to take the beat generation seriously or not. In time everyone did.

Joan Crawford elopes with soft drink tycoon Al Steele to Las Vegas.

Clark Gable marries Kay Williams Spreckles.

John Hodiak dies suddenly of heart attack in home. His divorced wife Anne Baxter and their child, griefstricken.

Warner Bros. and Columbia Studios start own TV productions. Warners producing such top Westerns as *Maverick* with sensationally popular James Garner and Columbia sets up successful Screen Gems productions.

Rock Hudson marries Phyllis Gates in Santa Barbara.

Mike Todd, brash young producer, signs up such top stars as Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich for his *Around The World In 80 Days* which he's filming in his new Todd-AO process.

James Dean tragically killed in race-car accident setting off a mass hysteria of juvenile mourning. And the influence of this moody, introspective young idol is to live on after him. He was perhaps the first of 'the angry young men' and the 'beatnik' type.

Oscars won by Ernest Borgnine in *Marty* and Anna Magnani in *Rose Tattoo.*

1956: The year Elvis Presley arrives in Hollywood to make his first picture *Love Me Tender* for 20th Century-Fox.

Business world startled when major companies begin to sell backlogs of old films to arch rival TV. Most spectacular deal—Warner Bros. sale of 750 motion pictures to TV for $21,000,000. Later, Paramount and MGM follow this lead—which I feel was one of the big mistakes of film history. *Old* movies on TV became the greatest rival of *new* movies in theaters!

Biggest romantic news of years: Grace Kelly announces engagement to Prince Rainier of Monaco.

Pregnant Debbie Reynolds (now Mrs. Eddie Fisher) sings *Tammy* and sets off the biggest record sale in years.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis explode as a comedy team and part in bitterness.

Marilyn Monroe marries Arthur Miller in White Plains, New York.

Debbie and Eddie welcome a daughter, Carrie Frances.

Elizabeth Taylor tells world she's passionately in love with Mike Todd and will marry him when free of Mike Wilding!

But the biggest story of the fifties was the eternal triangle to beat all eternal triangles.



THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

Continued

1957: Howard Hughes, all-time bachelor prize, marries Jean Peters so secretly (I have the world scoop on this) that no one yet has been able to find out where or when it even occurred.

Humphrey Bogart dies early in year—and his likes won't be seen again soon.

A Princess born to former Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier. The arrival of Princess Caroline the most publicized birth of any baby next to Prince Charles, son of Queen Elizabeth.

Liz Taylor and Mike Todd marry in Acapulco, Mexico, with Eddie Fisher serving as best man and "Liz's best friend, Debbie Reynolds," also present.

Lana Turner and Lex Barker divorce.

Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall rumored "engaged."

Roberto Rossellini, Ingrid Bergman's husband, in scandal with East Indian charmer, Sonali das Gupta.

Marlon Brando marries Anna Kashfi.

The Gene Kellys part after 17 years of marriage.

Marie MacDonald kidnapped! (?)

Surprise of Surprises: Bing Crosby marries Kathy Grant in Las Vegas!

Film tycoon L. B. Mayer dies.

1958: Knife stabbing of underworld figure Johnny Stompanato by Lana Turner's 14-year-old daughter, Cheryl, shocks world.

Mike Todd's plane crashes in fiery blaze over New Mexico widowing Elizabeth Taylor.

Son born to Kathy Grant and Bing Crosby. Also to Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman wed in Las Vegas.

Rita Hayworth marries Jim Hill in Las Vegas.

French Brigitte Bardot's films rock American box offices.

Debbie and Eddie welcome a son.

Tycoon (Columbia) Harry Cohn dies.

Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates separate.

Tyrone Power marries Debbie Minardos, dies 6 months later in Spain.

Marlon Brando-Anna Kashfi separate.

Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley end marriage of many years sensationally with Bartley charging his wife's affections "pirated" by scripter Peter Viertel.

Ingrid Bergman scorns Rossellini—tells world she will marry Lars Schmidt.

(Continued on page 72)

INTRODUCING THE KINGSTON TRIO SEXTETTE

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Dave Guard — Gretchen Guard — Bob Shane — Louise Shane — Nick Reynolds — Joan Reynolds

Friday, the thirteenth of last March, tailed off with a storm over the town of Goshen, Indiana. Late season blasts from Lake Michigan whipped a murky sky and batted a chartered Beechcraft plane around like a badminton bird. Inside, while the pilot fought the controls, three fairly beat rah-rah types, named Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane, rattled around, among a jumble of guitars, banjos and bongo drums like beans in an over-sized *maraca*.

The Kingston Trio was fresh from a swing-ding at Notre Dame University, headed for their next one-nighter, and the situation was normal—which is to say—desperate.

In this clutch, two of the striped-shirted troubadours relaxed: Stubby, needle-nosed Nick ("the Runt of the Litter") closed his baby-blue eyes, curled up and snored peacefully. Brain-busy, stringbean Dave ("Our Acknowledged Leader") fended off flying missiles with one hand and thoughtfully polished a new routine with the other. Only the usually jolly boy, curly mopped Bob ("Our Sex-Symbol") sweated it out.

Every minute or so he leaned over the pilot, breathing hard down his neck. "How we doin'?"

"In this weather?" Bob got a glance almost as dirty as the clouds. "Just great—gas low, generator out, visibility zero—and South Bend says we can't come back in!"

"I got to get down," said Bob.

"Doesn't everyone? You took the words right out of my mouth!"

They got down—blind. They ticked power lines, skimmed roofs and clipped trees, finally skidded to a stop in a farmer's pasture, scattering a flock of frozen (*Continued on page 52*)

turkeys like ten-pins. "Now, Buster," sighed the flyboy, "Tell me—what's your big sweat?"

Bobby Shane grinned. "Well, tomorrow"—he glanced at his watch—"yeah, tomorrow, I'm getting married in Washington, D.C." The pilot grunted congratulations, the fact that Washington was almost a thousand miles away and he sincerely hoped Bob made it.

If he'd known the hi-balling Kingston Trio better that skeptical crack was hardly worth the breath it took to utter. Bobby Shane made it to the altar on time, of course, and with him Dave Guard and Nick Reynolds, who wouldn't have missed the fun for anything. To get there from the turkey patch they hiked to town, commandeered a car, drove all day, played their date that night, then hopped for the Capital, arriving at 3:00 a.m. That afternoon all were sharp for the joyous rites. But *next* morning—the groom was rousted out of his nuptial bed at six to take off once more. And his pretty Dixie bride didn't lay eyes on him for a full month!

For the Kingston Trio, such risks and rigors of big time barnstorming, mixed with richer rewards, have been par for the course—ever since *Tom Dooley* sent them winging a little over a year ago.

Going for broke with a dream

In that time they've hustled over 150,000 miles to meet the demand for their clean cut folk-and-rhythm harmonies, witty cut-ups and quips. They've played over a hundred college campuses, almost as many clubs, fairs and theaters, and missed only one date. To make it, they've scrambled by train, plane, boat, bus, truck, hack, and—as Dave Guard puts it—"If they'll bring over some coolies we'll go by rickshaw." Along the way, they've sweltered and frozen, slept standing up and gulped vitamins like jelly beans to keep going. Often they've worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four and started all over again after a couple for shut-eye.

But they've also had packed houses wait three hours to hear them sing, after something broke down, as happened last year in Lawrence, Kansas. At Indiana U., just the other day, tickets vanished one hour after they went on sale for a date two months ahead. Right now they're booked ahead solid until next May. What with albums, gold records, TV, clubs and one nighters, Nick, Bob and Dave will rack up a cool million this year for their pipes and patter and they'll top that in '60.

Yet, their really important payoff—which Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane gratefully recognize—is something you can't measure in tax brackets or fickle fame. A good sample is just what happened that March 15th in Washington when Bob made beautiful Louise Brandon his bride, with his pals standing by. That day playboy Bob, last bachelor of the bunch, snugged down meaning, at last, for his young life—and the Kingston Trio became the Kingston Sextette. Today, three wives named Gretchen Guard, Joan Reynolds and Louise Shane are helping build three purposeful lives with three once aimless, knockaround guys. But that wouldn't have happened if the boys hadn't teamed up first and gone for broke with a dream. And that's not all—

"There's no doubt about it," states Bob Shane flatly. "We've all been good for each other. By getting together this Trio has solved the emotional problems of three fairly mixed-up guys."

"Face it," confirms Dave Guard. "We were a bunch of wild hairs pointing in all directions until we tied into this challenge."

"Yes, sir," argues Nick Reynolds. "How many fellows really know what they want to do when they get out of school? None of us did. Mostly, you want to make a living doing what you like, and the big dream is to do it with your pals. Man, we got that dream! Whatever happens later on, these two years have filled a gap with something we'll always prize, when we might have just goofed off, fumbling around alone."

All these reflections, of course, refer to the days—only a brief spell ago—when Dave, Nick and Bob were fresh out of Stanford University and Menlo College, respectively, wondering what next. At that point, about all they owned in common was an education, good looks, plenty of pizazz and obvious talents for making music. Now and then they did, and as long as people cheered and gave them plenty of beer to drink they were happy—or so they pretended. But underneath each nursed a private puzzler that you'd never suspect. And all were putting off the answers.

Take big Dave Guard: Then, as now, dapper Dave seemed to have the world right by the tail. Six-foot-three, handsome and smart as a whip, Dave trailed nothing but honors, accomplishments and popularity in his wake. Talents? You name them; Dave had them. Athlete, judo expert, honor student, campus activity leader, money maker, top musician and dynamite with the girls, you'd say graduate student Dave was Stanford's man most likely to smell sweet success. "Of course, I'm prejudiced," sighs his pretty blonde wife, Gretchen, today, "but I think Dave's close to being a genius." She isn't the first to figure that way.

Says Bobby Shane, who grew up with Dave in Hawaii and went to the same school, Punahou, "Dave was always two jumps ahead of everyone in everything. He was a natural brain. His grades were always terrific and so was everything else about him."

Dave had a degree in Business Administration. "But *what* business? I didn't know," he admits. "Business is such a nebulous word. I wanted to make the right move because, you see, I've always wanted security." That's not too original an urge these days, but in Dave Guard's case it traces way back.

Steve McQueen: I don't talk mumbly. People listen mumbly.
Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

When he was only seven, Dave's world literally went up in smoke. That was Sunday, December 7, 1941. Red-balled Jap planes buzzed down to the rooftops of a new housing tract at Hickam Field and, as he watched in terror, sprayed bullets all around him and set the place on fire. Dave, an only child, lived there because his dad was a reserve colonel who worked, and still does, for the Army Engineers. After the Pearl Harbor debacle they evacuated Dave and his mom to the States.

That gave a jolt to his security, for sure, but even after he came back, "wearing shoes," young Donald David Guard rattled around Honolulu pretty much on his own without a normal home life. His mother, Marjorie, was secretary to the Commander of Military Air Transport and away all day. Dave was placed in private school and "my parents gave me *carte blanche* long ago." He used his independence poking into everything and every place, often with his classmate, Bob Shane.

One favorite spot was Waikiki Beach, where every Island kid bangs a ukelele between rides on the rollers. "You get an awful good crack at musical styles Hawaii," says Dave today. "South Japanese, Chinese and good old Amer jazz—the whole melting pot." With he was sopping it all up and sendin out, kid style, summers and after sch which to Dave soon became somewha a bore. At Punahou High he ran the 880 and hurdles, played end on the f ball team, starred in a variety show banged out his island folk songs.

"I liked all that," he remembers. "It a bid for popularity." But classwork brilliant Dave Guard was too easy to his interest. "I figured nothing was h pening," he says. "I wanted to get awa specifically back to the States. Honolu fine but it's only eighty miles around Island. I still get nervous when I stay one place more than three weeks," g Dave. "That's why this life I've got is my dish. Travel's exciting to me."

Dave's deal with the folks

In his junior year at Punahou, D made a deal with his folks to earn his expenses if they sent him State to Menlo Park prep. He piled up his —$1000—greaseballing in a service sta and diving for coral. But at Menlo, pr ping for Stanford, it was the same story. Bored with work that came easy, Dave started messing around a six months before graduation, got boun out of school for "an incident involvin bottle of vodka." But he stuck aro Menlo Park with another service sta job and they let them come back for finals. He graduated in a breeze walked right into Stanford.

Now, Stanford University is no joy for anyone, not even a brain like D Guard. But to show you what a real head can do: Dave fell out of a sec story window of his frat house the f confused week end and broke his b on the pavement below. They shipped to Honolulu and he lost his whole f year. Even with that setback, he gra ated in three years, taking sometimes units and hitting A's and B's. He wor all his way through—hashing at gi dorms, gardening, janitoring in the brary, moving furniture and pumping But he still had time to staff on the hum magazine, *Chapparal*, write songs for Stanford Gaieties, win the Sigma Award for "greatest contribution to house" and pin a collection of camp queens!

It's no wonder Dave Guard took on graduate School of Business with greatest confidence although he had o $3 to start. By that time, he had anot more interesting racket to earn his cak With Bobby Shane, only a mile away Menlo Business College, he harmoni for $15 a night at parties and Stanf off-campus hangouts like Rossotti's The Cracked Pot. But Dave still packed one big nagging question mark: Where I really headed? "I had no real idea," says. "I figured I'd just try to play cards right and something would take c of me. How vague could you be?"

Bob's a real Kamaaina

By then Bob Shane had an equa opaque view of his future but for differe reasons. Bobby knew what he wanted do and had for a long time. But it did figure out with him—or his family. "S sort of rebelled," he says, "and I got mixed-up, acted pretty bad for a whi too."

Like Dave, Bobby's Hawaiian born a bred—only more so. His great-grandfath came over as a missionary back in Ki Kamehameha's day, so Bob's a fourt generation Islander or, as they say ov there, a real *Kamaaina*. The Shanes are Irish; they're German and it started o

hoen, which means beautiful—"and at's just why we changed it," chuckles bby. Anyway, the Shanes prospered d when Bobby came along twenty-five ars ago, just like Dave—Art Shane, his d, ran the flourishing family firm, Athic Supply of Hawaii. Curiously, that rned out to be Bob's trouble—or one of em at least. He was expected to carry in the business, but he just didn't fit pattern.

Maybe he'd eaten too much *poi* as a kid but somehow easy going Bob liked the *naka* idea of letting life ripple through u pleasantly, and no sweat. At Punahou was good in track, basketball, the glee b and school operettas, but his sad rert card usually kicked up a rumble at me. In preference to books, Bobby liked sun and surf at Waikiki, the native *us,* plunking a guitar and singing. And, en grown up a bit, he too frequently ed a cool can of beer. Long before Dave Nick turned pro Bobby Shane was play- singles around Honolulu night spots, d having himself a ball.

For a while his folks didn't get too nervs, thinking he'd settle down, like his er brother. And that was another thing: b's brother liked business, worked hard l finally built up a booming electronics n of his own. The contrast hatched a emotional bug: Bobby sensed his par-s' disappointment in him and tension unted. But it didn't blow off until later

Both Bobby Shane's parents had gone Stanford and his brother to Menlo. ey hoped Bob would follow in their tsteps and shipped him off to Menlo k prep, after Punahou. But it was tty obvious that Bobby's marks would er rate Stanford. Each time he flew ne for Christmas or summers, the outk seemed grimmer and sometimes there re scenes. It let his folks down someat when he enrolled in Menlo College t, but at least he took on Business Adistration. A dim hope flickered that d wind up running the Athletic Supply r all.

ut even *studying* business was a drag Bob. "I was a pretty bad boy all ough that school," he confesses. "Had t of eight o'clock classes, but some I couldn't get up in time to make m. The most important thing that hap-ed to me there was getting together singing with Dave and Nick."

obby missed graduating by a few dits, kicked around San Francisco a le trying to latch on as a single in one the clubs with no luck and finally—ted—took out for home, Dad and the e—a prodigal's return.

But," sighs Bob. "I lasted at the Ath- Supply just one week. It just wasn't me. I couldn't take it." That's when and Shane, Sr. had some stormy argus and Bob blasted off. But he hugged uilt complex that lasted, underneath ly, until the Kingston Trio's success ved him right.

laughs from himself

or a while, Bobby Shane sharpened style around Honolulu's night clubs, Pearl City Tavern, The Clouds and Yee Chai's, with a song and comedy ersonation act taking off on Belafonte, s Presley and the other greats. He e good money and he got laughs from yone, but not really from himself. metimes, when people asked Bob how tabbed his own singing voice, he'd k cynically, "A whisky baritone"—that wasn't far from the truth. "I drinking too much, gambling and ing around," Bobby admits. "Clear the track."

hat switched him back on was a nag- nostalgia for the swinging camaraderie he used to enjoy with Dave Guard back around Palo Alto. With a clever guy like Dave, you could really work up a team and go places, or maybe expand to a trio. Automatically, Bob Shane's thoughts flashed Stateside to this great little guy named Nick Reynolds he'd palled and played with at Menlo. Nick could do anything—harmony, guitar, bongos and congas. Only trouble was—Nick probably wouldn't buy. He had things too easy. He was in a rut.

Back on Coronado Island, California, Nicholas Reynolds *was* in a rut, but nobody had called it to his attention. Although he'd been carted all over the world as a kid with his Navy captain dad, Coronado was always home port and it never occurred to Nick that his future lay anywhere else. Coronado's a cozy, sleepy resort, a ferry jump from San Diego's fleet base. Retired sea-dogs, like Nick's dad, crowd the place. The life's routine: sports, home life, cocktails when the sun dips under the yardarm. The best business is hotels. After snagging his Business Administration B.S. at Menlo, Nick had returned like a homing pigeon. He found a job in a hotel and took up where he'd left off after leaving Coronado High.

Nick liked it there—why not? He knew everybody. He was close to his parents. His married sisters, Barbara and Jane, had homes next door to each other in Coronado and everybody in the family got along great. As for sports—he could beat all of the ones he loved right at home. Nick Reynolds was a whiz at most every sport. Small but mighty, he'd won tennis tournaments and skeet championships at Coronado, and the U. of Arizona, too. Later, while at San Diego State, he'd road raced his Crosley Fiat Special, until a pal got killed on the Torrey Pines run. To top all this, worries about future security never wrinkled Nick's brow. A great uncle had willed him a fortune, which he'd come into (and still will) by his thirties!

But deep inside, Nick Reynolds still felt restless and unfulfilled. Was he just set to go down the drain in his cozy corner of the nation? What troubled Nick was an unexpressed talent. He was musical by nature. His mother and his sisters all sang. His Aunt Ruth had been with the Metropolitan Opera. Even Captain Steward Reynolds, USN, off duty, thrummed "a real swingin' guitar."

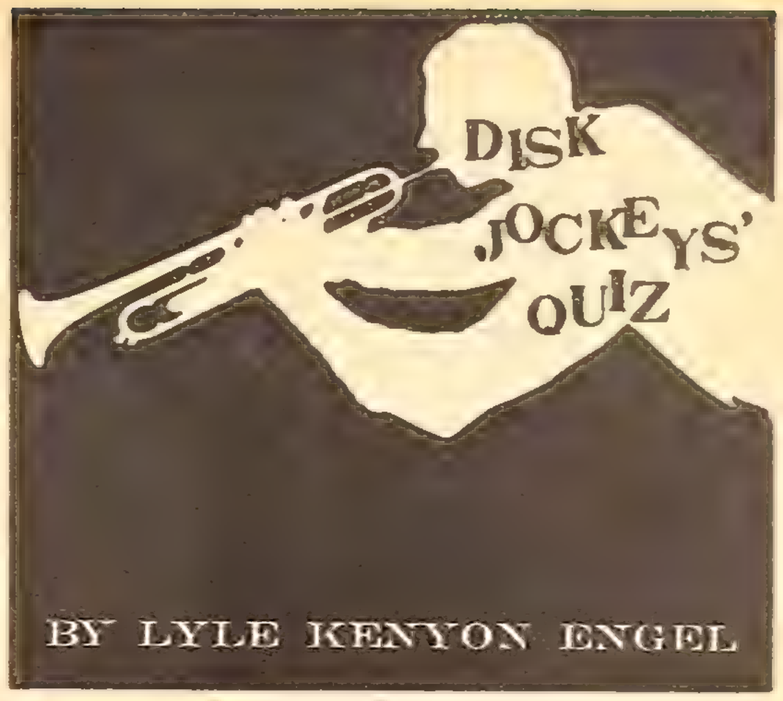
Ferment of discontent

Nick had the hotel business in mind when he tailed off his training at Menlo Business College. But, like Bob, his rosiest campus memories were those free riding harmonies at Stanford parties and spots with Dave and Bob. Something made him keep in touch with Dave, up North, and Bobby in the Islands. When he ran on to a good tune, he'd write them about it, and hear what they were working up.

"I loved nothing better than the life I was leading," Nick sums it up today. "But I couldn't forget what Dave, Bob and I might be doing together." When he learned that Bobby Shane had suddenly flown back from Hawaii to join Dave, the sun didn't seem quite so bright over Coronado.

That was the ferment of discontent that brewed the fabulous Kingston Trio. Ingredients: three variously gifted, attractive, high-type guys. But—for one reason or another—fizzing off flat on their own. They needed a swizzler to mix them up—and luckily one came along. His name was Frank Werber.

Frank's the Trio's manager today. To the boys he's 'Black Bart' or 'The Whip.' "I run interference," grins smart, beatnik, bearded Frank. Actually, he runs the whole Kingston show and nursemaids the Kingstons wherever they go. It was Frank



BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL



Stan Dale, Station WAIT, Chicago, Ill.

The Nation's Top Disc Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *You certainly couldn't call this maestro's music Rock 'n' Roll. However, his music is intoxicating and very square. He had a gal singing for him by the name of Alice Lon.*

2. *She's small, intense and sings a beautiful ballad. Her sponsor for a long time was Chevrolet. Capitol Records just signed her, and her first album on this label is called* ————, Yes Indeed.

3. *The Steve Allen Show gave this little lady her big break by introducing her singing to millions of viewers. She met Steve Lawrence on this show and soon they were married. She now records for ABC-Paramount. Her latest album is* ———— On Stage.



Ray Perkins, Station WTRL, Bradenton, Fla.



Robin Seymour, Station WKMH, Dearborn, Mich.

4. *His name has something to do with the beach. He made his name through Rock 'n' Roll type recordings but has just announced that he has given up this style of singing. Only beautiful songs will be sing from now on.*

5. *His latest album is* Heavenly *on the Columbia label. He is one of the finest new singers to come along during the past few years. One of his first great hits was* Chances Are.

6. *His hobby is the drum. He is acknowledged as one of the best popular dancers ever seen. He makes his first non-dancing dramatic movie role in the screen version of* On The Beach.

7. *He's a top singer with a warm appealing voice. His hobby is songwriting. One of his compositions is* That Chick's Too Young To Fry. *His latest album was just released by Lion Records, and it features his name and photo on the cover.*



Peter Tripp, Station WMGM, New York City, New York



Bill Wright, Station WIBG, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. Lawrence Welk
2. Dinah Shore
3. Eydie Gorme
4. Tommy Sands
5. Johnny Mathis
6. Fred Astaire
7. Tommy Edwards

who pulled the Trio together, whipped them into shape and shoe-horned their first breaks. Only, when Werber first spotted them they weren't a Trio, but a quartet—and their tag was "Dave Guard's Calypsonians."

Dave and Bob had started that combo with a bass fiddler and a girl singer, while Nick was still dragging his feet in Coronado. They played the party circuit again, still around Stanford, with a steady home at The Cracked Pot. Off nights they auditioned San Francisco at famous clubs like the Hungry i and the Purple Onion. "Okay for college—but too unprofessional" was the verdict they usually got.

But during one tryout at the Purple Onion, a waiter hustled upstairs to the two-by-four office where Frank Werber squeezed out a living as a night-club press agent. "Catch these kids downstairs," he advised. "They ain't bad."

Frank caught one song—but at first he didn't get the message at all. Used to professionals, he thought the "Calypsonians" were strictly for amateur night. Then, on a hunch, he gambled the gas to Palo Alto to hear them in their natural rah-rah setting. At the Cracked Pot, with the Stanford kids whooping he thought he saw something. "But the fiddler and the girl are drags," he told Dave. "Know anyone one who might work into a trio?" Did they! That night Nick Reynolds got a wire: GREAT THINGS ARE COOKING. GET UP HERE FAST. DAVE AND BOB.

Wake up and live, man

Nick got there fast enough, but the great things, he learned even faster, were mostly a lot of wild hopes jazz. As he wobbled indecisively, Dave unleashed the hard sell. "Wake up and live, Nick," he plugged. "You want to shrivel up and go to seed in that sunny rat race down there? Come on, Man, let's get some beer and talk."

That night they tried to drink all the brew in San Francisco and wound up climbing statues in Golden Gate Park. But by dawn Nick was persuaded. They rented a one-room San Francisco apartment, all slept in the one bed and rehearsed night and day until the landlord threatened to call the cops. A week later they walked into Frank's attic office and said they were ready. Frank wedged them in downstairs for one week's tryout. They stayed seven months.

Of course, Dave Guard, Bob Shane and Nick Reynolds didn't Cinderella into the slick Kingston Trio via one easy stanza. It took work, seasoning and discipline to turn that trick. Says Frank Werber, "What the boys had was natural talent, enthusiasm, sharp humor and a fresh, intelligent slant on songs. But to them it was still mostly a ball and they were plenty rough around the edges."

For one thing, all three were singing themselves hoarse each night. Frank routed them to Judy Davis, a professional voice coach, who taught them how to relax and spread it out. For another, the boys were tossing their rapid fire wit around *ad libitum* and forgetting the good ones. Frank camped each night with a notebook jotting the best down, then turned Dave Guard loose to write a crisp patter routine. He made them rehearse six days a week before the show and then a couple of hours afterwards, polishing this and that. Most important, "I made them take the pledge," chuckles 'Black Bart.' "They signed on the line not to take a drink for six months—and I guess that really hurt. If they backslid or acted up—no paycheck. I figured that could hurt even more."

After seven months at the Purple Onion the Kingstons had got to believing they owned the joint. Frank took them down several pegs by booking them into Holiday Hotel, a gambling lounge in Reno. Up there, if you started drawing attention from the gambling play the dealers hollered, "Shut up!" and the normal clatter was awful anyway. By the time they left Reno, Bob, Nick and Dave knew a few more hard facts and tricks about show business. All this polished a raw college combo into a smooth team of pros.

They went to Hollywood next, to make their first album, *The Kingston Trio,* for Capitol. In it was a haunting lament they'd always scored big with at the Purple Onion, *Tom Dooley.* They didn't dream how big that would score. In fact, for the next few months, in Chicago and

Erin O'Brien figures a sensible girl's one who has sense enough not to look sensible.

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

next in New York, at the Blue Angel and Village Vanguard each one was still living on $60 a week, and Frank Werber was chronically floating loans to keep them going. They flopped in crummy hotels, ate in one-arm joints. The money looked good—but a trio's expenses swallowed it up. Whenever Bob, Nick or Dave would ask Frank, "How's the album doing?" the answer was, "It ain't." Appropriately the Trio came back to San Francisco playing the Hungry i. That was the summer of '58.

A disk jockey in Salt Lake City flashed the good news first. He called Frank at the Hungry i. "All they want to hear up here is *Tom Dooley* from that Kingston album," he complained. "Can you bring those guys to town?" Seattle d.j.'s called next—same thing. Frank buzzed Capitol Records in Hollywood. They shot out a single of *Tom Dooley* and put the promotion works behind it. When the Trio rolled into Seattle a few weeks later it was behind a police motorcade. They cleaned up $3000 in two nights.

Since then, the Kingston Trio has rolled in triumph almost any place you can name—except Kingston, Jamaica. This winter they fly to Australia, next spring to Europe. They've turned down four movies, but the right one comes soon. Three hot selling albums, their own publishing firm and TV make the Kingston Trio, Inc., big business. Off hand, you wouldn't say the boys had a problem in the world. But they have one. Home life.

Dave, Nick and Bob all owe their happy marriages to the Trio. Gretchen Ballard, for instance, first laid eyes on Dave Guard when he sang at a Stanford football rally. A tall, tailored type, Gretchen was a mere freshie there at Stanford and, although she rated Dave "dreamy" right off, her prospects seemed slim. Dave dated her big sis, Sarah, and after that pinned her best friend, Cordie Creveling. When he finally got around to Gretchen, Dave was heating up The Cracked Pot, so that's where he took her on their first date. From then on all Dave's songs were beamed at Gretchen. "The child bride," as Nick and Bob call her, was the first female to crack the Kingston club.

That happened in September of '57 during their first paid engagement at the Purple Onion when the whole crew and half of Stanford University traveled to San Marino, California for a full dress wedding, with Nick best man and Bob head usher. Gretchen's dad hired champagne-stocked busses to haul the wedding party away and pour them on trains and planes. Life afterwards wasn't so plush.

"We spent our honeymoon in Dave's bachelor apartment—a slum, believe me," sighs Gretchen. "He went to work the next night and I stayed awake until 3:00 a.m., scared half to death." Mrs. Gua got used to it though and until she v pregnant, scooted around wherever t boys went. But Dave bit his nails alc in New York waiting to hear he was father. Their daughter, Cappy, is n eighteen months old and they're expecti again in May. "Cappy's wild about Dav smiles Gretch. "I tell him it's because likes strangers."

Nick Reynolds tumbled next for cu bouncy Joan Harriss, who's almost double for Shirley MacLaine. In fa Joan, a San Francisco girl, was a comec enne, too, "set to be the biggest thi ever to hit night clubs, sex and all tha she admits, "when I got hooked on t Reynolds man." That happened at t Purple Onion, too. Joan was just arou the corner at Ann's 440, where she w giving out songs and satirical sketches.

"Nick started it all by dropping in Ann's after his show for a beer and pee ing at me," relates Joan. "Now, I spe half my life waiting for a peek at *hin* The romantic switch took a little long to come about than Gretchen and Dave although from point of contact, Joan h been in on the Kingston act as long. A she's the only wife who's been on t payroll. When Frank Werber first to the boys away, he hired Joan (who's typist, too) to run his publicity offi Then she took off for New York, hopi to crash Broadway, but ended up a hoste in Verney's restaurant down in the V lage. Guess who was at the Village Va guard, nearby—and who picked her every night after work? That's right, Nic

"It just kind of gradually, inevitab happened," says Joan. "When the Tr went back to the Coast, I said 'Nuts to career' and went, too. When they g booked in Hawaii next—well, that seem awfully far away from Nick."

Half way through the Trio's last nig at the Hungry i, Nick whispered som thing to Bobby Shane right before inte mission and the pair ducked out. Wh they came back, late for their show, Jo was with them, her face as pink as h nuptial dress. The orchestra struck the Wedding March, best man Bob hopped up on the stand to announce it and the place went wild drinking cham pagne on the house and smashing t glasses. Joan flew with the Trio to Hawa as Mrs. Nicholas Reynolds. That's where t last Kingston hold-out began to weake Bobby Shane didn't know it, but a dar eyed Atlanta belle was already talki about him aboard a boat steaming f Diamond Head.

Louise Brandon certainly would nev have met Bob if she hadn't heard *To Dooley.* Not that Louise was a cool c particularly. On the contrary, soft spoke queenly Louise was educated in sele seminaries as befits a gentle young Sout ern lady and had made her debut. H grandfather was on the Board of Gene Motors, her dad a successful Atlan lawyer. Louise had been to Hawaii a fe weeks before and liked it so much th she was going back to stay with a frie for a year. Her cabin mate was a deligh ful, sixtyish lady named Miss Evel Shane.

"Those Kingston brothers"

They discovered a love for classic music in common (Louise plays the piano "But when I left Atlanta," she remarke "all you heard around there was a so called *Tom Dooley* by those Kingst Brothers." Miss Evelyn nodded unde standingly. She'd heard it plenty herse she allowed. Her nephew Bob was one the Trio—only they weren't brothers all. Bob's dad, Art, met his sister at t boat. So Bobby Shane had two fami members telling him about the beautif

girl who'd just arrived. Next morning Louise found a note at her hotel, "Please call Bobby Shane." She didn't; she's not that bold. But Bobby called back, inviting her to a party his dad was throwing next night at the Royal Hawaiian when the Trio opened there. Shane, Sr., playing cupid, picked Louise up.

"There were three other single girls at the table," says Louise. "Bob spent the evening trying to figure out which girl he'd talked to on the phone."

"I knew it was the prettiest one," says Bob, gallantly.

"He doesn't see very well without his glasses," explains Louise.

Anyway, they didn't miss an evening together the rest of that month. And when the Kingstons hopped back to San Francisco, Bob called the minute he landed begging Louise to come back, too. When the *Leilani* sailed next day Louise was on it. She traveled down to Hollywood with Bob, Nick and Joan for a TV date, met Dave and Gretchen there and it seemed like they'd always been together. Back in Atlanta the Brandons got the word: "We're having a visitor for Christmas." Bob met the folks and slipped on Louise's engagement ring Christmas Eve. They were married after that wild plane ride in Indiana last March. Washington got the nod because it's Louise's second home. Her grandfather owns a hotel there. Also, it was closer for the Trio. When they left at dawn, Joan Reynolds helped dry Louise's tears and took her out to San Francisco for the next lonely month, just like a sister."

Actually, that's about how the Kingston wives think of each other by now. Nor was Louise too wild when she called Bob, Nick and Dave "the Kingston Brothers."

"It's amazing," ponders Gretchen Guard, speaking for the girls. "We're all from different backgrounds, we live differently and in different places. We never knew each other before. But we've never had even an argument."

"There's never been a reason," explains Joan Reynolds. "We're all in the same boat. Same crazy time demands, same problems, same waiting at the garden gate. . . ."

". . . And the same wonderful thrill when they all come in!" adds Louise Shane.

That same one-for-all—all-for-one spirit glues Nick, Dave and Bob together. "We're solid," says Shane. "Why not? We aren't rivals. We all make the same money, work the same hours, have about the same talent and stand or fall together. Besides, we're all pals from away back."

"Things wig us now and then—sure," admits Dave. "Sometimes, the way we work, we could wind up a bunch of neurotics yelling at each other. But we don't. We play it silly. And a hassle turns into a laugh. We know each other so well that nobody has to pretend. On one-nighters sometimes we don't speak to each other once we're off. Just hit for the sack. All in all we keep the whole thing a gas."

The only time they missed

That one time the Trio missed a playdate found them in Minneapolis boarding a plane for the University of Montana at Missoula. But a blizzard swooshed down and they spent three hours right there on the ground. Things were getting gloomy when Bob Shane had an idea. "This is a champagne flight, isn't it?" he asked the stewardess. "Well—?"

So they talked her into unlocking the bar. As the snow howled outside they had a bash, finally unlimbering the guitars and bongos. "This is for you, Missoula, wherever you may be!" cried Dave—and they warmed it up all by themselves with



GRETA CHI

Greta Chi is a beautiful young girl who lived, not long ago, in Switzerland, very near to Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer. She had a wonderfully exotic face. Her father was Chinese (he was China's ambassador to Switzerland) and her mother German. When she was little she studied ballet and by the time she was nineteen, she had appeared in many operas, French and German plays.

When Audrey and Mel saw Greta, they suggested that she go to Hollywood. Greta decided their suggestion was an excellent one and came to the United States and enrolled in La Jolla Playhouse. She appeared in *Skin of Our Teeth* and she was very good—so good in fact that several studios were ready to give her her start in the movies right then and there.

But her agent wanted her start to be the best possible beginning and he advised her to hold off, keep studying and wait for the right role, the role that would launch her career successfully.

Greta did just that—but nothing happened.

All those offers just seemed to disappear.

Greta's work visa would expire on June 18, and that day was getting terribly close—with no work in sight. Sadly, she began to pack to go home.

There was nothing else to do.

On the morning of June 18, Greta was ready. Not ready in her heart, but ready with her luggage and her passport. She was making a few last good-bye phone calls, when *her* phone rang.

It was her agent, not saying good-bye, but with the incredible news that 20th Century-Fox wanted her for a leading role in *Five Gates to Hell.*

What timing!

There was not a moment to lose. Negotiations had to be made quickly because if that contract weren't signed within the very next few hours, her work visa would still expire and she'd have to go back to Switzerland without even taking the job!

But the contract *was* signed in time, and the film was made.

And the outcome?

Greta proved to be a girl of unusual talent as well as beauty, and you can see for yourself soon in 20th's absorbing new drama, *Five Gates to Hell.*

the stewardess joining in. "Luckily," says Nick, "we didn't get there that night at all. Luckily, that is, for the customers."

Half the year—when the boys make those frantic one-nighter dashes—Gretch, Jo and Lou are widows. If the gang lights anywhere near for as long as a week they're all on hand, fussing around the motel rooms to make them seem like home.

But when the heat's off, even briefly, the Reynolds, Guards, and Shanes scatter to separate set-ups and stay there. "On the road we all practice togetherness until it's frightening," laughs Gretchen Guard. "But at home—it's three wives, three lives."

Their homes are all around San Francisco, but not one's alike. Nor, for that matter, are the three designs for living.

Conservative Nick Reynolds, for instance, is now the bohemian of the bunch. For a while Nick and Joan lived on a houseboat anchored off the picturesque art colony of Sausalito, where about anything goes and nobody cares. "When the house got dusty you just opened the windows and the breeze blew it out," says Joan. "You dumped the garbage out the door and the tide took it away." With a baby due in April, Joan and Nick have given that up for an old artist's studio, with a skylight in the kitchen, perched on a hill with a view of all San Francisco, over the Golden Gate Bridge.

Nick and Joan love Sausalito, never plan to leave. Their dreams rest right there. "Someday," says Nick, "maybe we'll have our own bar and night club here. We'd like that."

On the other hand, once skittery Dave Guard is now as solid a citizen as you'd care to know. Dave and Gretchen rent a place in Palo Alto, drive a '53 Ford wagon with a dent in the door, play tennis and go to movies just like any exurbanite pair. With one child and another due, maybe Dave's more of a worry wart than the rest. He and Gretchen don't stop a minute building for a solid future: "You see," says Dave, "I've still got problems of security that Bob and Nick don't have. My goal's $400,000, and I'm getting on the way there. We're buying good Danish furniture a piece at a time, so it will last the race. One of these days I'll get a Rolls-Royce and drive it the rest of my life."

Moreover, Dave has leveled down on what he really wants to do if or when the Kingston bonanza plays out. "I know now I want to write," he says. "Someday we'll move to Big Sur (a remote beauty spot on the Pacific shore) and dig in."

Bob and Louise Shane are already dug in at a new modern-Oriental pad across the bay in Tiburon with their toy poodle Trinket. No stork signs have shown yet but they're hoping. Just the same, free-wheeling Bob has settled down to a contented domestic pattern with Louise. He sends money to Honolulu where he has set up an investment company with his dad. There's always a light in the window, too, at the Athletic Supply.

But right now, all things considered, just what the Kingston Trio's doing suits Dave Guard, Bob Shane, Nick Reynolds and their wives right down to a living "T."

"The truth is," agrees Dave, "we're all having even more fun than we did in school—and we're getting paid for it!"

But Nick Reynolds hits nearest to the heart of the matter: "We've been loaded with luck. But so what if we'd flopped? We'd have kicked ourselves all our lives if we hadn't given it a try." END

We Were Afraid We Couldn't Have a Baby

(Continued from page 30)

months went by and there was no sign of the child we longed for, I began to be a little concerned. Jimmie would comfort me and say, "But honey, lots of couples don't have a family *right away;* don't worry about it," and he'd suggest going to a doctor to reassure me that there was nothing wrong. But I *did* worry about it, and finally Jimmie was beginning to wonder too. At last I went to a gynecologist "for reassurance." I was crushed when he said there was a great possibility that I'd not be able to have a child of my own, but Jimmie kept up my courage by insisting that this was just *one* doctor's opinion, and besides, he didn't actually say there *never* could be a baby, just *maybe* not. Thus began a series of visits to doctors, each one more discouraging than the last. I didn't want to go to another, didn't want to hear those words condemning us to an empty existence. I felt that I had let my beloved Jimmie down. It was because of an injury to me, the doctors—all of them—had told me, that we couldn't have a baby. Then one day we heard of a very fine gynecologist and obstetrician, a leading specialist in his field. There was still room for hope. With a prayer in our hearts, we went to this doctor, expecting a miracle. . . .

We entered his office, smiling but nervous, to get the result of my examination, hoping. . . .

And then: "You may never have a baby of your own. . . ."

We had dreamed and hoped—and lost again.

That night, Jimmie tried to comfort me. "Darling, we can adopt a baby, you know," he began. "Plenty of couples do."

Plenty of people *had* adopted babies and had been very happy. But it was a little different with me. Jimmie had given me so much. I wanted to give him something, too. I wanted to give him a baby that was *his.*

The effect of the terrible accident

I felt that it was my fault that I couldn't give him his baby. It all went back to that accident in 1956, before I married Jimmy. The car I was riding in that night had rammed head-on into another, and I was taken, more dead than alive, to the hospital. The accident left me with internal injuries that were later to stand in my way when I wanted to have a baby.

Most couples want a baby. But I think that Jimmie and I wanted one more than most. Jimmie is the kind of man who was made for roots. Although he didn't have a dime when we got married, shortly afterwards Jimmie got his big break with *Honeycomb* and we knew we could afford that home and family we both wanted so much.

Once our hearts and minds were made up, we naively assumed that we'd have our baby, so we weren't prepared for the enormous difficulties that lay ahead.

Five months, six months, seven months had gone by—and no sign of a baby.

I was impatient to get started on our family, so when we were in New York on a personal appearance tour of Jimmie's, I looked up an obstetrician and asked him why I hadn't become pregnant yet. I wasn't prepared for the answer he gave me after he examined me.

As the doctor talked to me. his words struck like a blow.

"Mrs. Rodgers, you should know that due to your accident, you are not strong enough internally to conceive," he said. "Even if you were to conceive, I don't believe you would be able to carry a baby through to a complete term. Your back was so badly twisted in the accident it's too weak to stand up under pregnancy."

When Jimmie came home he found me shaking.

"Don't carry on like that, darling," he said. "There are other doctors. Remember there were some doctors who said you'd never walk again after your accident, and look at you now. New York is full of specialists. We'll find one who can help us."

But we didn't. I went to one doctor after another and finally Jimmie and I had to face it. My chances of giving birth were very dim.

Although Jimmie's heart, like mine, was broken, his first thought was to comfort me. "If we can't have one of our own, darling, we'll adopt one. The good Lord put many children on earth, and not all of them have parents and homes. There's a baby in this world waiting just for us."

I was willing to accept this as the answer. We made inquiries about adopting a baby but soon found we couldn't even file yet. I believed Jimmie and I would make the best possible parents. What more could anyone give a baby than bountiful love and care?

Even adoption was out

But after checking, I discovered there would be plenty of objections: Our car was mortgaged; Jimmie was a singer and had no steady income; we didn't own a home; we were constantly on the road; we were too young. In our minds all this was rubbish compared to the real things we could give a baby.

"Suppose our car is mortgaged," I remember pleading. "Lots of babies ride in mortgaged cars. So we haven't a home of our own yet. We will. And we're young, but we *are* responsible. And Jimmie's a singer, but there isn't a man alive who would make a more devoted father."

We were more determined than ever to have a baby of our own. I traveled with Jimmie on his hectic one-night stands, and visited the outstanding gynecologists in almost every big city we hit. In Miami, I asked the doctor there to give me the test to determine if I was pregnant. He looked at me kindly and said, "Mrs. Rogers, I won't even bother with the test. I'm going to tell you right now you aren't pregnant. These signs that you think indicate pregnancy are merely signs that you're overtired. You must rest."

All our thoughts were centered on trying to have a baby. One night I felt terrible pains and Jimmie called the doctor. It was a recurrence of my accident injuries, and the doctor wanted to operate immediately. I remember seeing Jimmie's face, drained white, and hearing him tell the doctor: "Take good care of her, doctor. Do what you think you have to do, but take good care of Colleen."

I was frightened for another reason. I was afraid this operation might cut off forever my chances of ever becoming a mother. So while Jimmie pleaded with the doctor to save *me,* I pleaded with the doctor to save my chances of motherhood. When I learned that the surgeon was planning to remove a vital organ necessary for pregnancy, I became hysterical and begged him not to. I wouldn't even sign

e release permitting the doctor to per-rm the surgery.

Although the doctor saved my chances of ecoming a mother, as the months went n there still was no sign that a baby as on the way. We moved into a big, eautiful modern style home on top of a ll in a California suburb called Granada ills, but it didn't bring me the happi-ess I expected. I found myself going om room to room and crying. The love- garden, the open feeling of the house, e den with the practical cork floors and special, yellow room with built-in shelves l cried out for the presence of a child. Jimmie had even consented to taking sts himself, but the results proved that e reason lay with me, not him.

I felt that I was a failure as a woman. became self-reproachful and sad. I felt at I had failed Jimmie. What good was as his wife if I couldn't give him a child?

t the agency

Jimmie was wonderful. He would take e in his arms and tell me he loved me. e'd maintain that somehow, some day, e would have a baby. And one night e suggested that we go down to the doption Institute of Los Angeles and pply again.

Jimmie was like a little boy the morning e were to go to the adoption offices and eet the investigators. He went through s closet a dozen times to try to decide just the right thing to wear to impress em. "If I wear this sport jacket I might ok too young," he said. "And if I wear is dark suit I might look too dressed up. ou know, honey, I don't think I ever ent to an audition as flustered as I am w."

We walked into a great, big room that as filled with other couples, like our-lves, who wanted babies. Jimmie looked rious in a grey suit and navy tie, and e cowlick that he'd tried to slick down that he would look dignified was mis-having and had sprung up, giving him at boyish look he wanted to avoid.

We filled out reams of papers and then e went home to wait. Every day we aited for the phone to ring telling us we ould have our baby. We were approved our lovely home, our paid-up cars, the oney in the bank and Jimmie's career hich was now on a stable level—made e picture completely different than it had en a year ago. It was only a matter of ne.

With some justification, I began to get at nursery ready. And then another ow fell. Jimmie's TV show was being ansferred to New York and we had to ck up and leave. This meant that the option proceedings had to be canceled. Jimmie was as disappointed as I was, t he was still a pillar of strength. "Who e we to question what the good Lord s in store for us?" he said. "Maybe this part of His plan, that we wait a while nger."

Jimmie has always been a religious per-n, and so have I. It was our faith that rried us through the latest setback in r attempt to have a baby.

unfruitful stay

We took a six-month lease on an apart-ent in New York, which represented the ngest we'd ever stayed in one place. Then mmie and I sat down and talked and cided that since we were going to be ttled for a while in one place I should get gether with a specialist and go through the tests to try to get at the root of trouble.

The doctor was a kindly man who un-rstood our frantic desire for a baby. went to him regularly and took every nd of test that might help me. When I underwent the Rubin test, which is a rather painful test to blow out the tubes in case there is any obstruction that would prevent pregnancy, I was elated when it was discovered that one of the tubes was closed. I felt that now that something tangible was discovered, and could be corrected, maybe I would become pregnant.

The desire to have a baby had almost become a fetish. I was becoming tense and nervous. I took hormone pills regularly. I followed a temperature chart beside our bed.

After several months of this, Jimmie came home and announced that we would be taking off for a tour in Australia as soon as his television show was finished for the season. I was so disappointed that our stay in New York had come to an unfruitful end that I blew my top. I tore up the chart, threw the thermometer against the wall and tossed the pills in a basket. "Nothing has helped me," I wailed.

Jimmie laughed. "The heck with all this, honey. If the pills don't give us a baby, the good Lord will."

Thoroughly discouraged by this time, I decided to forget about having a baby for the time being. I would go to Australia with Jimmie, have fun and when we returned we would re-open our adoption proceedings. For the first time in a long time I felt relaxed and let go of my feelings of inadequacy and anxiety.

The typhoid and smallpox shots that I had to take before going overseas made me very sick. I could hardly get up for breakfast and I was drained of all energy. When I complained to my doctor that the overseas shots were not agreeing with me, he gave me a blood test.

A little rabbit

I had just returned home when my phone rang.

"Guess what?" the doctor said cheerfully.

"I can't guess," I replied miserably.

"You can't go to Australia with Jimmie."

"Oh no," I said, slumping into a chair. "You mean those overseas shots made me too ill?"

"No," said the doctor firmly. "I mean a little rabbit just told me you can't go traipsing around the world. Not in your condition."

"In my condition?" It took a minute. "Oh, you mean in my *condition?*"

"Exactly," said the doctor.

I was reeling.

"Can I tell Jimmie?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "it's customary for the wife to break the news."

Jimmie was rehearsing his TV show at the theater on Broadway. I wanted him to savor the full joy of the news. I called Western Union and blurted: "Send this wire to Jimmie Rodgers: YOU ARE GOING TO BE A FATHER. HOW ABOUT THAT? I LOVE YOU. COLLEEN. And please send it as quickly as possible."

"Ma'am," said the Western Union operator, "if I could leave my desk I would take it to him myself."

I found Jimmie, an hour later, stretched out on his dressing room couch, a cup of hot bouillon in one hand, the wire in the other. He was staring up at the ceiling. I'd never seen such a look of bliss on his face.

The director tore in. "Your husband is in a daze. We haven't been able to get him to do a thing for the past hour. What's in that blamed telegram anyway?"

It hasn't been clear sailing. Many times since then Jimmie and I have had to turn to God to save our baby. Only a short while ago, after we were settled back in our home in Granada Hills, I awoke in the middle of the night with sharp abdominal pains. Jimmie's hand shook as he dialed for the doctor. As we waited for the doctor to arrive, we both prayed.

We became even more frightened when Dr. Kaplan ordered me into the hospital for immediate surgery. Again it was a throwback to my accident. A tumor had formed and was pressing against the uterus. All I could think of was the baby.

"Dr. Kaplan, whatever you do, please don't touch the baby."

As I was about to be wheeled down the corridor into surgery, Jimmie leaned over to kiss me. He pressed something into my hand. It was our little St. Genesis medal. *Guide Our Destinies* is inscribed on it. In the past, any time anything very big has faced us, we have kissed the medal. And then we would be relieved, knowing that we were in God's hands, our destinies guided by a Divine Force.

Jimmie held the medal to my lips. I kissed it. He took the medal and held it up to his lips. He had been on the verge of tears, but now his face looked serene.

"God will watch over our baby," said Jimmie slowly.

I was operated on that night and I was told I was in surgery three hours. When I opened my eyes I saw Jimmie's face in a foggy world.

"Is the baby all right?" I asked.

"Our baby is all right," said Jimmie. "Our baby is all right."

END

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"Errol Flynn Died in My Arms"

(Continued from page 22)

no make-up on, could only sob as death stepped in and took away "the only man I really loved" from her embrace.

As the final curtain rang down on one of the last of the gallant screen greats, the dreams of the future that Errol and Beverly had shared for themselves suddenly went into oblivion, too.

"We were going to be married and live in Jamaica as soon as Errol got his divorce," Beverly sobbed after she recovered from the initial shock of Flynn's sudden death from a heart attack.

"We were going to live in a house we designed together. It was to have been the most beautiful house in all the British West Indies. But now . . . all those plans are gone forever.

"I still can't accept Errol's death. I don't know if I ever will. I had promised him if anything happened I would go ahead and face up to life in the Flynn tradition—live for today and have a wonderful time doing it. He always said: 'No tears, break open a bottle, and toast me in pink champagne.'

"I can't do that. I never will. He told me also: 'If anybody comes to my funeral I'll cut them out of my will.' But I can't help the way I feel about him. I can't ever forget the two years we spent together—the happy times we had.

"Errol was more to me than a sweetheart and the man I was to marry. He was my everything—my father, my mother, my lover, my companion, my advisor, my idol."

Fifteen and forty-eight

When Beverly met Errol, she was just a wide-eyed girl of fifteen. He was forty-eight. His greatness for the most part was in his past. He was no longer Hollywood's top lover—at least not on screen. In the past few years, freewheeling Errol had led a nomadic life, wandering from Europe to Jamaica, to Cuba, to New York, and back to Hollywood, picking up work wherever he could find it.

For twenty-five years he had been the epitome of the suave, love-'em-and-leave-'em Lothario who built his reputation on a heap of broken hearts. He had made women forget Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino.

Flynn was built for the part. He had the vigor, good looks, charm, and animal magnetism that drew women like moths to the flame. And they all got burned.

Now, that flame—still flickering even though not as bright—had attracted Beverly Aadland.

"You might ask what I saw in a man thirty-three years older than I," Beverly said. "I will tell you that I saw everything in Errol—everything in the world for me.

"I always had been starved for love. I always wanted to be hugged and loved. Even as a little girl, I wanted my father to hug and love me. But he never gave me the attention and devotion I wanted from him.

"Perhaps that is why I started dating when I was twelve. By the time I was fifteen—when I finally met Errol—I had been engaged four times!

"But most of the boys I had known were shallow. They were after one thing—and one thing only."

Fate destined Beverly to meet Errol on the Warner Brothers lot in Hollywood in October, 1957. Beverly had a dancing part in *Marjorie Morningstar*. Errol was working in *Too Much, Too Soon*.

"I noticed someone staring at me," Beverly related. "I didn't know who it was. I had read about Errol Flynn in some magazines and had seen his pictures. But I didn't recognize him. Not at first. Finally, though, I realized who it was.

"I was instantly afraid of him because of the things I had read about him—about that rape trial and things like that."

Beverly was referring to the sordid case in 1943 that had threatened to wreck Errol's movie career. Two young girls, Betty Hansen, seventeen, and Peggy Satterlee, sixteen, charged Flynn with rape.

It was Flynn who was seduced, his lawyer Gerry Geisler shouted at the trial.

Peggy, a chorus girl, said Flynn lured her below decks in his yacht "to show me the moon through a porthole." Betty, a star-struck waitress, claimed Errol served her a "greenish" drink at a Hollywood party, then took her to a bedroom when she became ill, and seduced her.

A jury of nine women and three men acquitted him. Two of the men had held out for conviction. It was a close call.

The case which shocked Hollywood had come the year of his divorce from actress Lili Damita, the fiery French delight whom Errol had married in 1935. Lili told the court Errol wanted to be free—didn't want a wife and child. They had one son, Sean, who was a year-old at the time.

And at that time, 1943, Beverly was only two years old!

The intense magnetism

Yet when Errol gazed over at Beverly on the Warner lot that October day in 1957, the shapely, blonde starlet couldn't help but feel the intense magnetism that lured women to him.

"When he looked at me I felt something," Beverly said. "I know it always was like that—whenever Errol looked at a girl she felt it!

"For four days there on the Warner lot it went like that—Errol watching me.

"Then Errol sent someone over—it was Orry Kelly, the big dress designer—to tell me: 'Mr. Errol Flynn would like to meet you.'

"My heart started to pound when I heard that. A warmth glowed inside me. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach."

There was no hesitation on Beverly's part.

"Take me to him," she told Kelly impatiently.

Kelly escorted Beverly to Errol's dressing room.

"I was shaking when we were introduced," Beverly said. "But Errol was so nice that I began to feel at ease somewhat. Still and all I couldn't help being flustered inside."

Errol started by saying, "I noticed you, my dear. I think you have possibilities of becoming a great actress."

At first Beverly thought Errol was "just being kind."

"We talked a while and he asked me a lot of questions about myself. Then came the zinger.

"'I'd like you to come to my house,' Errol told me.

"'Wow!' I told myself. 'This guy really has earned his reputation. He certainly is a fast worker.'"

Errol could see the apprehension in Beverly's face.

"I want you to read a part of *Jane Eyre* for me," Errol said. "I'm very tired now and I don't want to do any more work here at the studio. Will you come up?"

"I couldn't figure out if it was the old line, 'Come up and see my etchings,'" Beverly said. She couldn't tell if Errol really was sincere.

"Errol could see me hesitate and he quickly assured me that we wouldn't be alone. He said his secretary would be at the house, too. He asked me to dinner first, and told me his lawyer would accompany us to the restaurant.

"I couldn't resist the invitation any longer. There was something about the way Errol talked—he had a flair, a manner, a style that completely disarmed you."

Beverly was voicing the sentiments that were expressed many times before—by the women whom Errol had wooed and won, then impulsively dropped like hot potatoes. Halfway round the world warning signals rose from the wreckages of Errol's past romances to tell Beverly of the danger that could lie ahead.

But Beverly was blind to these signals. She accepted Errol's invitation.

"After I finished work," she related, "I rushed home to dress for my date."

Beverly lived with her mother and father in Inglewood, just outside Hollywood.

"I didn't let on to them that night that I had a date with Errol Flynn. And as things turned out, I'm glad I didn't."

Beverly hurried out and met Errol and his lawyer in a restaurant. After dinner, Errol took Beverly to his house "up on a hill."

Beverly was overcome

"I was awed by the sight, its magnificence and splendor," Beverly said. "I was overcome by the beautiful surroundings, the landscaping, the house itself, and by the breathtaking furnishings. It was so exquisitely decorated.

"But most of all I was overwhelmed by Errol himself—by his charm and glamour."

As Errol had promised, his secretary was there. Errol took Beverly into the living room and began to talk about his interest in her as an actress.

"He told me again he thought I had great possibilities. He wanted to make *Jane Eyre*, he said, and was thinking of me for the lead role. I was thrilled at the idea of playing the part Joan Fontaine had in the earlier version of that film. I could hardly believe my ears."

As Errol talked on, Beverly suddenly became conscious of a small development. The secretary was not in the room any longer. Beverly and Errol were alone.

"Errol moved closer to me and said, 'Let's sit on the rug.'

"It was a white bearskin rug. I consented and we threw ourselves on it in front of the fireplace. We talked some more and smoked. We used the bear's mouth as an ashtray.

"As Errol talked, I forgot all about *Jane Eyre*. I began to think about other things—like love. I could tell the way Errol began to look at me now that he loved me. And I knew about myself—I loved him.

"There were things about him that I never found in any other man.

"He was the first person who ever really listened to what I said. I could think about all the unhappiness at home and about my social and love life of the past, and of the bores I used to date. This was so different.

"My dates had been so dull and simple. I would go to drive-in movies with them. About the most exciting thing they could do was sneak a bottle of liquor into the car. It was disgusting.

"As these things ran through my mind, Errol took my hands and pulled me close.

"'I don't usually kiss girls,' Errol told me. 'I have a reputation, you know. I'm a very dangerous man. But with you, my dear Beverly, I have a sudden great desire to kiss you.'

"He put his arms around me and drew

e in close embrace. Then he kissed
e. It was spine-tingling.
"I had been kissed before by other men.
ut it was nothing like this. The others
ere so empty, so meaningless, so cold.
"My heart began to race a mile a min-
te. I felt all choked up. Everything all
once became so unclear, so misty—so
reamy.
"In the next instant, Errol swept me up
his arms. I didn't care what happened
nymore. I was in love and I knew he
ved me. I felt since we both shared this
eling for each other it didn't really mat-
r what happened. Anything that did
ppen would be worth it.
"I had an hour of sheer heaven with
m. The best way I can describe it is to
y that Errol made mad love to me—love
you never have seen him make in any
ovie role. And I made mad love back."

er parents would worry

When it got late, Beverly told Errol she
ad to go home because her mother and
ther would be worried about her.
"Errol didn't want me to go, but I told
m it had to be that way—at least for
e present. He understood."
Errol called his chauffeur and told him
take Beverly home.
"As I got in the car, the chauffeur looked
nd of funny at me. I guess he was
inking that Errol had made another
nquest. But I didn't care. I knew he
ould find out soon enough that I was
t just another girl in Errol's life—that
was something special.
"Then I began to think as the car drove
f. Suddenly I began to cry. I cried be-
use I didn't know whether I had done
e right thing. I cried because I didn't
now for certain if I would ever see Errol
ain. Even though I believed he was in
ve with me, he never did come out and
y 'I love you.' Perhaps I was just an-
her date, after all.
"But most of all I cried because it had
en such a stunning evening. The emo-
nal impact was terrific on me. I cried
the way home."
Beverly went to bed that night without
eing her mother or father. The next
rning when her mother came into the
om to awaken her at six so she could
t to work at the studio. Mrs. Aadland
ticed a strange expression on Beverly's
e.
"I've never seen you look quite like
is before," Beverly's mother told her.
Who are you in love with?" she asked.
"Errol Flynn," Beverly replied.
Mrs. Aadland laughed. She thought
verly was still dreaming.
"Wake up!" she told her daughter. "Come
wn to earth."
Beverly didn't try to explain that she
s telling the truth. She knew it would
hard to explain everything. She went
the studio and worked all day. But
e didn't see Errol.
That night Beverly had a date with a
y named Jim. Beverly wanted to cancel
r date but there was no way she could
in touch with Jim. So she kept her
pointment.
"When Jim took me out I had lost all
sire for his company. When I compared
n with Errol Flynn—why there was just
thing at all to Jim. And I realized, too,
t I could never have fallen in love
th him.
"He took me to a drive-in and tried to
k with me. I had no feeling for Jim
y more and I pushed him away. Jim
ldn't understand me because we'd been
ng steady for some time and I'd never
ed like this before. But I just couldn't
any other man touch me now that I
ew what it was to be loved by Errol
nn."
Jim took Beverly home early that night.

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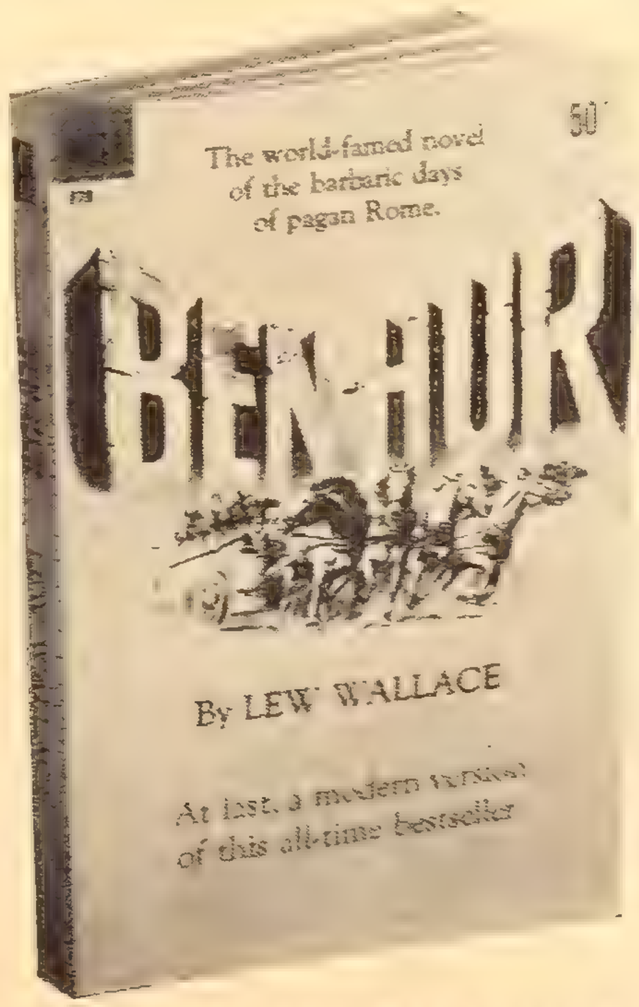
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When she came in, her mother told Beverly she had a phone call earlier in the evening.

"It was Errol Flynn," Mrs. Aadland told her daughter. "I guess you weren't kidding this morning, were you?"

Beverly dashed for the phone with her heart skipping beats to call Errol. He told her he wanted to see her the next night.

No one-night thing

"That was what I had been dying to hear. Now I knew for certain it wasn't just a one-night thing between Errol and me. I knew now that we'd be together forever."

And it began to look like Beverly was right. From then on Errol and Beverly seemed to go everywhere and do everything together.

"That was our story—togetherness," Beverly said. "Errol and I went everyplace—to all the big cities in America, Europe, and to Africa and Cuba."

The gossip columnists had a field day. "Another young girl in Errol Flynn's clutches," they wrote. "How long will she last with him until she's burned?" they asked.

But Beverly didn't seem to care.

"I knew what they could not know—of the real and vibrant love that Errol and I shared.

"The words 'I love you' were difficult for Errol to express. He had used them first when he met his first love, Lili Damita, whom he married twenty-five years ago. And he never spoke them again in real life—until he whispered them to me."

That happened in Paris while Errol was making *Roots of Heaven* for Darryl Zanuck.

"I was the happiest woman in the world that day."

After that, Errol and Beverly were seen more and more together.

"People who knew Errol would stop and ask him, 'Isn't Beverly too young for you?'

"But Errol had a ready answer for all of them. His eyes would twinkle and he would reply in that clipped way of his, 'I may be too old for her, but she is not too young for me.'

"In truth, he was not too old for me. Believe it or not, I felt like a mother to him.

"He needed watching over. And that was my job. That was the way I acted toward him—as a sort of guardian.

"There was a very young quality about Errol even if he was forty-eight years old and I only fifteen. He was in many ways a child—a daredevil and a pixie.

"I felt I was his stabilizer. Physically and emotionally I felt ten years older than Errol. Yet, I was never too aware of his age. He was the kind of man who impressed me as being ageless.

"He needed a young girl like me. An older woman could never have understood Errol."

As Beverly got to know Errol better, she began to know more about his ways and his interests. She saw the real Flynn.

"He was not just a zany, happy-go-lucky individual as most people knew him. There were many sides to Errol Flynn."

People generally saw the three sides of Flynn—the lover, the drinker, and the adventurer.

"It's true that Errol loved those three things the most—wine, women, and adventure," Beverly explained. "But he also was a man of great polish and brilliance. There were many other sides to his nature. There was not only Errol the lover, but there was Errol the man who loved life. And there was Errol the man who loved culture, and Errol the teacher."

Beverly also found out that Errol was a sincere and loyal person with a strong distaste for hypocrisy.

"He never gave a hang for the critics. He knew he was being ridiculed and criticized for being seen with me. But he would say to me, 'Don't let that talk get you down. I want to do exactly as I please —and being with you is what I want most in the world.'"

Errol's attachment and fondness for Beverly was reflected in the nickname he gave her—'Woodsie' for 'Woodnymph.'

"He told me I was like a woodnymph. Errol was like that. He could never see people as people. His imagination soared too high for that. To him people were symbols—or delightful animals, or coarse, crass objects. But never people."

Errol also devised another nickname.

"He'd call me his 'S.C.' This meant 'small companion.' But most of the time I was his 'Woodsie.'"

When Beverly came into Errol's life, his hell-raising days were for the most part behind him. But that only was by contrast to the Flynn of old. To Beverly, it wasn't exactly so.

"There was still a lot of hell in Errol even as I knew him," she said.

Errol and Beverly often talked about those days of yesteryear, of the early '30's when Flynn shot up like a meteor on the Hollywood scene. There were some bitter, some scandalous episodes.

Tennessee Ernie Ford: Life doesn't begin at 40 for those who went like 60 when they were 20.

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"Errol never did mind talking about the past. He had no bitter feelings about it. But our talks of the old days never lasted long. We lived in the present."

Beverly recalled the happy days she spent in New York with Errol.

"We had such wonderful communication between us. We would sit for hours by the window and look out at the skyscrapers and the great melting pot of humanity below, the city with its endless traffic jams and grinding noises.

"We could sit together like that in any situation or place and share the most trivial experience together, as we shared the biggest moments.

"'We're like ham and eggs,' Errol would say. 'I'm the ham—we go together.'"

Beverly can never forget one winter morning in New York.

"Errol got me up at four o'clock in the morning and said, 'Let's get out and commune with nature.' I didn't think the idea was wild at all. I simply got dressed and went out with him.

"We went walking through Central Park in the snow. It was so peaceful and so beautiful. You can't imagine what it was like unless you've done the same thing . . . and you've done it with Errol Flynn.

"We even sat on the hotel room floor and watched a fly crawl.

"And if that sounds crazy, it isn't at all. That was part of our togetherness."

Then Errol took Beverly to Europe.

"It was there Errol had his first chance to show me his great depth. He took me to the museums in London and Paris; then I learned the side of Errol that was the teacher, the man who loved culture.

"He also took me to the English countryside and showed me the castles. He spun tales of English lore that fascinated me.

"In Paris, I learned more about Errol the fun-lover. I remember we sat in the hotel balcony overlooking the street. We had green almonds and started to spit them down on the gendarmes below.

"We'd made 1,000 franc bets on who would hit the gendarmes first. After a few tries. I made a direct hit on a gendarme's face. It really stung him. He came charging up the stairs and stormed into the room.

"We threw the almonds under the sofa and sat on the balcony pretending we were gazing out at the view. We laughed like the devil after the gendarme left our suite disgusted because he couldn't prove anything."

Errol also took Beverly to many brilliant parties in Paris. It was there she got to know still another side of Errol—the bon vivant.

"Women practically fell at his feet. They simply adored him. They were awed by his charm and personality."

Then there was the trip to Africa. Errol had to go on location in French Equatorial Africa for the shooting of *Roots of Heaven*. Beverly could not make the entire trip to the Dark Continent with him, but was able to spend a few days together there with Errol. And now Beverly had a chance to see Errol's adventurous side.

"We went on small game hunts and we did things together like we'd never done before, like swimming with hardly a stitch on. . . ."

Beverly then came back to New York alone. And here she learned of still another Flynn—the Pygmalion—a man driven by some compulsion to remold his young sweetheart. From the fetid, forsaken regions of the Equatorial jungles Errol penned a series of letters to Beverly, spouting an array of poetry, passion, concern for his young beloved, and a desire to make something of her.

Presumably, Errol wrote to Beverly in one letter, *you have never delved into anything more profound in the literary sense than reading the funnies on Sunday morning. Why don't you try reading a book. . . .*

He suggested that Beverly read George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion,* the classical myth of a king and sculptor of Cyprus who carved an ivory statue of a maiden who suddenly came to life. Shaw adapted this ancient tale to forge his own modern allegory of a wealthy scholar who changes a poor, ragged girl into an electrifying articulate society woman. It's the story now celebrated in song in *My Fair Lady.*

And to Flynn, Beverly was his own Fair Lady. This passage from another letter clearly showed Errol's concern about Beverly's dress:

> *I just bought you some lovely African Moorish embroidered cloth so we can design something quite different for dresses for you and have it made up.*

Yet even when Errol was being serious, still another of his many sides seemed to pop up—this one the pixie. In that very same letter that talked of Beverly's attire he wrote her:

> *Following are the matters on the agenda I will now take up with you . . . note:*
>
> *(1) Your extreme precocity (your adolescence is no excuse) is funny.*
>
> *(2) Your almost hedonistic delight in any pretense to the rudiments of culture or acquisition of the basic ladylike behaviorism (I think we shall avoid this subject; if I ever find you being ladylike I'll clip you over the side of the ear) is deplorable.*

In this next letter to Beverly, Flynn shattered the traditional conception of him as the insouciant lover—the man who took romance on the wing.

> *In my throat there is a sort of lump—nothing physical—just pure emotion. I guess, when I think of you. . . .*

And there was more of Flynn's emo-

ɔnal outpouring in this letter of March th, 1958:

Woodsie—what a funny adorable little idiot you are, do you really think I can just pick up a 'phone here and call you? I can't even scream or yell for the boy to bring me orange juice in the morning.

I loved your two letters. They reached me here together—one dated Feb. 23, the other March 3rd. It's now the 18th. I feel like telling you so many human things but I can't read by this lamp what I'm saying.

But I do know one sure thing—that my heart, my real heart, goes out to you as I write this. . . . Woodsie—you're hooked.

I just got back from the hunt. Didn't shoot a living thing, thank God. Every time we sneaked up on the 'game' I'd fire a big fat bullet and make sure I would miss—so that the animal escaped unharmed, and I cursed loudly and called myself a lousy shot and everyone agreed and I was secretly so happy not to have killed some poor thing—in Africa you must kill. Lousy!

You should join me here . . . or Paris, won't you love that? I will. I have much to tell you—so much—but this lamp is fouling up my prose.

(The lamp Errol is referring to is a rricane lamp, used in the primitive untry where the film was being made.)

Dear, very dear little girl. I think of you constantly. When I say that there is one constant image in my mind and heart it seems strange. Strange indeed.

Both your letters gave me the very strange, very strong, vibrant, vital feeling that you really care for me and I can hardly credit this, but hope and long with this tormented, empty, calloused heart that it is true. Is it? True, I mean, that what you write, you mean? That you really love me? It seems incredible. I don't think I'm by any means gullible to the degree that one is overwhelmed by a mere expression of something deep between two people—one so much older than the other and a h—— of a lot of other things. . . .

Oh, well, go to sleep, little one. Remember that this heart has for you a strong fierce beat which you can easily wreck if you treat it lightly.—Errol.

Beverly read these passages and there re tears in her eyes.

"Now do you see what there was beeen Errol and me? Now do you see deep and devoted love we shared? rs was a love that would have lasted d lasted . . ."

There were many other letters—letters which Errol poured out his love for verly in beautiful prose, like this pase:

Words, mere words cannot convey what I feel for you in this crusty heart of mine. . . .

But time heals all wounds and the temrary hurts of Errol's and Beverly's arts by the separation of distance was n to end, and they'd be together again. We met again in Paris," said Beverly. hose moments of seeing Errol again er his long absence I shall cherish forer . . ."

There in Paris, Errol decided that Bevy would make a picture with him. And was to be another overseas venture—to ba. And what a time to be there—when country was being swept by revolun! The picture was *Cuban Rebel Girls.*

"We'd hardly been in Havana a day when Errol and producer Jackson Mahon and I were hauled into police headquarters to answer questions about why we hadn't submitted the script of the movie to the Cuban government for review and approval. But things were straightened out.

"I hated it in Cuba because most of the time I was safely in Havana while Errol went out into the hills playing at being a rebel with Fidel Castro. He was where the guns were firing real bullets, and it was no place to be. It was pretty terrifying for me.

"And as you probably read, he finally got hurt. A Batista plane flew over while Errol was riding in a jeep and started to stitch the road with bullets. Errol dove into a ditch. He escaped getting shot but he hurt his knee and hip.

"I was never so glad as when the picture was finished and we left Cuba to go to New York."

When they got back, Errol's knee was giving him trouble and he entered Harkness Pavilion at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for treatment. He was confined there for a number of days—but it must have seemed like years to the medical director. Errol almost disrupted the hospital's entire routine.

Someone had started a rumor Errol tried to induce the nurses at Harkness to wear only bikinis while he was there.

Errol denounced the rumor to a reporter, saying: "That's a shocking lie and a canard, Mac."

Then Errol added thoughtfully: "Besides, it's against the rules."

It was while he was in the hospital that Errol received the galley proofs from the publishers of the book he had written, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways.*

Errol screamed when he saw what the publishers had done to some of the parts on sex. It was Errol's autobiography, and he had wanted the story printed just as he had written it—bluntly and accurately.

"I've been working on that stupid book a whole year," Errol complained. "I've gathered the material since I was six. It just gives me prostration to see what those stupid publishers did to the parts about sex."

One reporter who interviewed Errol in the hospital asked him about a poem he had written which gave title to the book.

Errol smiled and said he would recite it. It went like this:

Come, all you young men, with your wicked, wicked ways,
Sow all your wild, wild oats in your younger days,
So that you may be happy when you grow old.

Later, when the reporter wrote the interview, he commented:

"By those standards, the poem was written by a happy, happy man."

"How right that reporter was!" said Beverly.

"Errol was a very happy man. He was like someone who had just taken out a new lease on life. I don't want to seem presumptuous and say it was all on account of me. But I do think I had a little something to do with Errol's happiness—new-found happiness, you might say."

The months that followed after Errol got out of the hospital continued to be heavenly ones for Beverly.

"Errol filled my life with the love that had eluded me so long. And he kept me laughing. He was so unpredictable.

"Errol loved children and animals. We talked about children as something that would come in the future—when we were married and had gone to live in the fabulous house Errol planned to build in Jamaica.

"But animals were something Errol and

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I could share in the present. And we did. Aside from the alligators, Errol bought me a rabbit called 'McTavish,' a spider monkey named 'Agnes Gootch,' after the secretary in *Auntie Mame,* and a mynah bird and a cat which we called 'Dagmar.'"

Errol and Beverly finally ended up in Hollywood late last Summer.

When Beverly got home to Inglewood, she was shocked to find her parents had been separated. Her father had left home.

"My father had not liked my association with Errol and he blamed my mother for not stopping it. My father is a very hard-headed man. He is a German-Norwegian and, although he never showed his feelings for me, I'm sure he loved me. And that is why he took it out on my mother. He had to blame someone, I guess.

"Mama tried to talk me out of marrying Errol. But she saw I was determined. She knew that I was very much in love with Errol and she wanted me to be happy. She could see that I was happier than I'd ever been in my life."

While in Hollywood, Errol decided to throw a party for Beverly. That was last September 16 when Beverly turned seventeen. The party was in Francati's. Errol invited a lot of people, including his second wife, Nora Eddington Haymes, who was escorted to the party by songwriter Dok Stanford. After the party was over, Beverly wished she'd never come.

"A lot of unpleasantness broke out. Nora accused me of making remarks about Errol being elderly. She said to me, 'You are very lucky to have a man like Errol interested in you.'

"I told her I never spoke of Errol's age or ever said anything against him. I don't remember my language, but it was pretty strong, and it shut her up."

Later, Dok hit a man named Otto on the jaw because he was lavishing too much attention on Nora.

In what was considered a remarkable feat, Errol—although the center of the controversy—managed to stay out of the rhubarb without throwing a punch.

His invitation to Nora to attend a party for his new sweetheart was part of the unpredictable nature that was Errol's.

Nora was a young girl when she fell in love with Errol. She had read about him and his trouble in 1943 and came to Los Angeles and got a job at a cigarette stand in the courthouse where Errol was on trial just to be near him. Errol spotted her and they fell in love.

That same year, as soon as his divorce from Lili Damita was finalized, Errol married Nora Eddington in Mexico. The marriage ended in 1949. Nora complained that she and Errol hardly were ever together. Errol was always off making pictures or sailing the seas.

Their two daughters, Deirdre and Rory, went to live with Nora. And ten days after the divorce, she married singer Dick Haymes.

Incidentally, Beverly resembles Errol's daughter, Rory, who is now fourteen years old!

The day after the birthday party, Errol had a look of solemnity. Beverly wanted to know what was wrong.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"No, darling," he replied. "It's just that I've come back from the doctor and found out that I've got to slow down a bit."

Errol told Beverly the doctor had given him an electro-cardiogram and it showed his heart wasn't in the best of shape.

"But Errol didn't tell me that he had suffered two earlier heart attacks—before we had met.

"I was very worried and I pleaded with him to take it easy. I begged him to stop drinking, too. He told me he would."

The next day Errol was in excellent spirits again. He took Beverly swimming at a Beverly Hills hotel pool. While they were sitting poolside a reporter came over for an interview with Errol.

Errol lit a cigarette and sipped a drink. He stroked Beverly's blond tresses as he started to tell the reporter about himself. It seemed then Errol might have suspected he didn't have long to live. He spoke of his life in the past tense. But he was cheery about it. He admitted he'd been a scalawag, but said he'd never change a thing if he had his life to live over again.

"I have no complaints," Errol said. "I've enjoyed every minute of my life.

"I have a great talent for spending. I've squandered more than $7,000,000 during my career. The public expects me to be a playboy, and I don't want to let people down. When I was broke I didn't let it worry me. And until now I have managed to hang onto my yacht Zaca no matter how badly things went.

"But I guess I need the money now, old bean. That is why I'm going up to Vancouver to see if I can sell her. She's a $100,000 baby, and someone up there wants to buy her.

"I guess I'll be criticized for a long time for carrying on with Beverly. But it's a question of living the life you see fit to live. I've been careless of other people's

Mamie Van Doren: I wear extreme low-cut dresses because they help my posture. In those dresses, one slouch would be fatal.

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

opinions. I never thought the public would be interested in my so-called antics.

"Years ago it was a matter of choosing which road to travel. After all, there is only one road to hell, and there aren't any signposts along the way.

"I've taken the human disasters in the same stride as the good times," Errol said, referring to the many highpoints he hit in life and the numerous plunges to the depths which invariably followed.

"I hope I managed to face it all with a brave front. You shouldn't distress your friends or have them feeling sorry. The worse the disaster, the braver the front.

"I've lived hard, spent hard, and behaved as I damned well chose. You'd think I'd be ready for the wheelchair after the last twenty years of hell-raising. But I never felt better.

"I like to travel, and that's what I'm going to keep doing. I have no intention of slowing down . . ."

Beverly said she believed everything Errol had said except that last part—about slowing down.

"If he were being honest with me when he promised to slow down for his health's sake, I know he was just putting on a front for the reporter.

"Errol didn't want his millions of fans finding out he was a sick man."

Beverly said she was beside herself trying to figure it all out. Errol had spoken of his life in the past tense. At the moment, Beverly thought it was very significant.

"I thought perhaps the doctor might have told him his heart condition was more serious than Errol was letting on. But I really never got to know."

Whatever Beverly's concern for Errol, he quickly made her forget it.

"We're going to Vancouver," he announced unexpectedly. "Up to George Caldough's place. He's interested in buying the yacht."

Beverly and Errol flew to Vancouver. It was their first trip to Canada—but just another country on their rapidly-building-up itinerary of world travel.

"Our visit in Vancouver was wonderful," Beverly said. "The Caldoughs made delightful hosts. I had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and so did Errol. I was sorry when our visit came to the end on its sixth day.

"We started for the airport to fly back to Hollywood. We were being taken there by George and his wife in their car when Errol complained of pains in his back.

"He mentioned then for the first time to George that he had suffered two heart attacks in the past, and thought perhaps this might be another. That was the first I knew of the other attacks.

"George said he thought Errol should see a doctor and he drove the car to Dr. Grant A. Gould's apartment in Vancouver."

As Dr. Gould began examining Errol there was no immediate diagnosis of an emergency condition. Errol told the doctor he had suffered recurring attacks of malaria while in Vancouver.

Then Errol drifted into how he contracted malaria in the South Seas. That started him talking, and he rambled about his experiences in Hollywood.

As Errol spoke, music and voices from an apartment next door could be heard in the doctor's office. It was a cocktail party. Somehow, word got there that Errol Flynn was visiting Dr. Gould.

One by one the guests began to float into the physician's office uninvited to listen to Errol in fascination as he spun his stories of the golden days. He propped himself against the door and spoke endlessly—for a solid two hours!

"He talked about W. C. Fields, the artist John Dexter, John Barrymore . . . all the greats," Beverly recalled.

"His eyes lit up as he stood there waving his arms in magnificent gestures, imitating these movie greats. It was a beautiful performance. His stories were thrilling—he was a wonderful story teller."

Suddenly, Errol seemed to tire. He bowed gracefully and said:

"I think I might lie down."

Then he walked steadily to a bedroom in the doctor's apartment. As he reached the door, he turned in a gesture of mock heroics and declared grandly:

"But I shall return. . . ."

Errol went into the bedroom and lay on the bed. Dr. Gould followed him in and examined Errol there. A moment later the doctor came running out of the room.

"Concern was plainly written on the doctor's face," Beverly said. "I knew Errol was seriously ill.

"I went into the bedroom and saw Errol gasping for breath. I sat on the bed and put my arms around him. A few seconds later I noticed he was barely breathing.

"But I saw a smile on Errol's lips, which were trembling. He was trying to say something—perhaps that he loved me. I'll never know. He never did speak.

"I had a feeling this was the end. I had a feeling that Errol Flynn, the man I loved so very much, had died in my arms. . . ."

The door opened suddenly and Dr. Gould came into the room. Beverly got up and went to the door to be out of the way.

Dr. Gould and George took Errol from the bed and placed him on the carpet. Errol wasn't breathing anymore. Dr. Gould took a hypodermic of adrenalin and plunged it directly into Errol's heart, trying to shock it into action. Then the doctor stepped back.

He said he hoped the Fire Department inhalator squad would get there in time. He had phoned them when he had gone out of the bedroom the last time.

In desperation, Caldough asked Dr. Gould if nothing couldn't be done to save

rrol. "Mouth-to-mouth breathing might elp." Dr. Gould said.
Caldough dropped to his knees and be- an to breath into Errol's mouth.
"He must have kept it up for some- ing like twenty or thirty minutes," Bev- rly said. "All I know is it seemed like eternity until the inhalator squad got ere."
The squad then took over. The mask as put over Errol's face.
In a few minutes, the ambulance arrived. stretcher was brought into the room nd Errol was lifted gently on to it. Then e was carried downstairs into the ambu- nce.
"I was desperate," Beverly said. "I ushed downstairs. I tried to get into the ack of the ambulance with Errol. But ey wouldn't let me. They told me I ould ride up front in the cab with the river.
"I watched as they put Errol into the mbulance. The inhalator crew got in ith him, still administering oxygen to rrol."
As the doors were closed, Beverly ran front and got in beside ambulance river Al Gowan. Dr. Gould followed be- nd in Caldough's car as the ambulance arted up for its seventy-mile-an-hour ree-mile dash to Vancouver Hospital.
Beverly was weeping hysterically now. Gowan tried to comfort Beverly.
"Please don't worry," he told her. "They now what they're doing. Everything will all right."
As the ambulance pulled up at the hos- tal, Beverly leaped out and ran over watch intently as the attendants hoisted e stretcher out and carried Errol into e emergency room.
Beverly then started to pace the long rridor outside the emergency room.
Dr. Gould and the other doctors on the spital staff took over again in the efforts revive Errol.
"I died a thousand deaths waiting," everly related.
As she paced up and down the long ll, the clock on the wall ticked off the inutes . . . five . . . ten . . .
It was 8:30 p.m. when the door of the ergency room opened slowly. Dr. Gould, oking distraught, walked out. Beverly as at the far end of the corridor and she rinted the full length to him.
"How is he, Doctor?" she asked plead- gly, hoping to hear Errol would be all ght.
"He is dead," Dr. Gould told Beverly rectly, simply.
The words hit Beverly like a ton of icks. She let out a soft anguished sigh, en collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. She was picked up and carried into the ergency room, in a section apart from ere Flynn's body lay. She was given sedative.
"When I came to they drove me to the orge Caldoughs' place. I was in deep ock. I wouldn't believe Errol was dead. kept crying, 'There's nothing wrong th Errol. He's just sick. He's got to y in the hospital. He'll be all right in ew days, and he'll be back in my arms ain.'
"I couldn't believe Errol had died—in arms."
At the Caldough home Beverly was put bed.
"They kept me under sedatives for near- twenty-four hours because of the way ook Errol's death. The only person I er really loved—the man I was to rry—was dead. It was an incredible ock."
After Beverly regained her composure her full senses, she began to plan rol's funeral.
He always said he wanted to be buried his plantation in Jamaica. I had prom-

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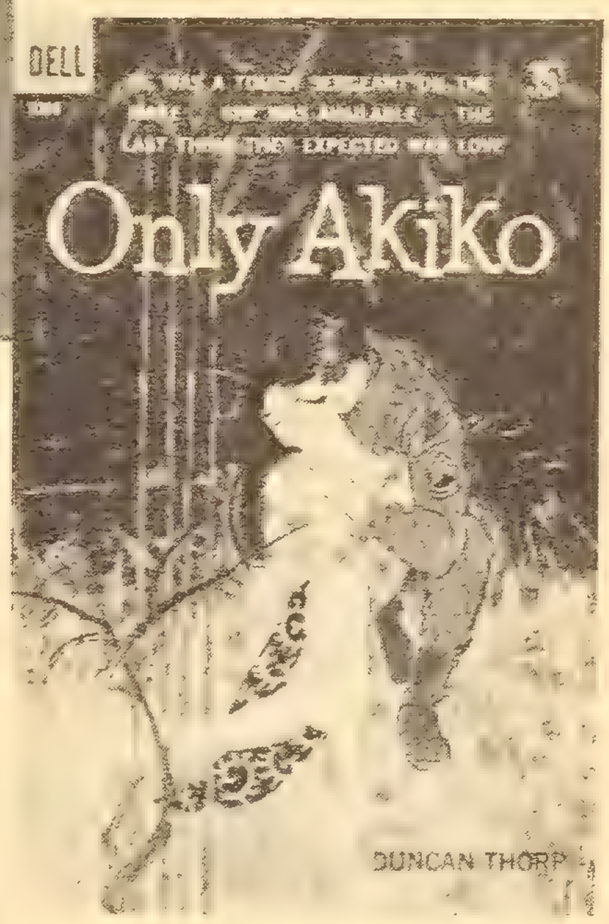
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DELL

THE BEST IN PAPERBACKS

ised him that if anything happened to him, I would see to it that his wish was fulfilled."

But that was not to be. Patrice Wymore, Errol's third wife and now estranged from him, stepped into the picture. Patrice, who had married Errol in Monte Carlo in 1950, was in Washington, D. C., appearing in a nightclub act. She flew West immediately to make her own funeral plans for a Hollywood burial.

Even though Errol was planning to divorce Patrice to marry Beverly, Patrice was still Flynn's legal wife.

And through all of Errol's romantic runabout with Beverly, Patrice somehow still seemed to kindle the flame of love in her heart for Errol.

Just before Errol's death, Patrice had said: "I wish I could hate him but I can't."

Which proved again the old saying—all the world loves a lover.

Beverly took the defeat philosophically. "All that really matters to me now is that I've lost Errol. I have lost the man I loved with all my heart. It will take a long time for the wound to heal.

"But I must accept his death. And I must live by my promise to Errol—that if anything happened to him I would go ahead in the Flynn tradition, living for today and having a wonderful time doing it.

"That is what I must do. . . ." EN

Errol and Beverly star in CUBAN REBEL GIRLS, *Exploit Films.*

Troy

(*Continued from page 28*)

older person. He carried the burden of his father's death, but he had to make sure it never showed in his eyes.

Merle Johnson, Senior, failed slowly. Eventually he was bed-ridden, later, hospitalized. During the final months of his illness, he was almost entirely paralyzed.

Merle Junior was fourteen, then, and he went to the hospital every day to visit. Toward the end, Mr. Johnson, by now pitifully weak, contracted pneumonia. The last time his son saw him, Mr. Johnson indicated the gold watch on the table beside his bed. The watch was his favorite possession, and he had kept it always near him. "Take it home," he said now.

The boy tried to speak, but no words would come. He shook his head, finally got his voice. "You'll need it—"

"No," his father said, keeping the tone light. "There's no sense having it around; please take it when you go."

He knows, the boy thought, startled, and a wave of love and pity flooded through him, and his throat ached with feelings he didn't understand.

He walked down the street clutching the gold watch which had ticked away the minutes of his father's life, and he turned into a luncheonette where a bunch of kids he knew could generally be found driving the waitress crazy. They were all there, and over the jukebox Louis Armstrong was growling *A Kiss To Build A Dream On.*

The gang talked about the football schedule, and whether you could ever get any homework done in study period, and who was taking whom to the Bayport High School sophomore dance, and at one point Merle Junior looked up and his family's maid was standing in the doorway.

"Go home right away," she said. "Your father's passed on—"

The day Troy became a man

He didn't cry. It was as though he'd been expecting it, but his fingers closed around the gold watch in his pocket, and all the way to his house he caressed that cool, smooth surface. He was saying goodbye to his father, he was saying good-bye to his childhood; something had broken in him, he would never be the same any more.

If his father had lived, young Merle Johnson might have had the courage to fight for his idea of becoming an actor. As it was, he felt an obligation to try to make his mother happy, since he was all she had.

After two years at Bayport High he transferred to the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, with his future one huge question mark. He'd agreed to turn his back on theater, but theater and sports were all that interested him. Scholastically, he was close to awful; he never enjoyed studying, but what he did enjoy was writing plays, directing them, playing parts in them. He was a demon athlete, too, winning letters for football, basketball and track.

He and his mother finally agreed that he should try out for West Point. He passed his first test, then fell and broke his knee in a track meet. The injury automatically disqualified him for acceptance at the Point, and he found himself breathing a sigh of relief. "It's fate," he believed. "Now maybe I can do what I want to do—"

Tired of living a life somebody else had figured out for him, he went to his mother one last time. "I want to be an actor. You still don't approve?"

"That's right," she said. "I don't."

"Okay," he said. "I don't want to hurt you, but I can't lie any more. I'm going to the city and try my luck. I won't ask you for help—"

She watched him up the stairs, she heard the thump of the suitcase being lugged down out of the closet, perhaps she even remembered her own youth, and that no one could have stopped her, or told her. "You've got to fail on your own terms," she said to the empty room, permitting her son, at last, his freedom.

In New York City, Merle Johnson, Junior, was a busy boy. He took journalism classes at Columbia University, he studied acting with Ezra Stone, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a messenger with a commercial film company—you picked up the can of film from one place and delivered it to another, and it didn't do much for your voice and speech, but it taught you how to tell uptown from downtown, and which subways got you where. He took a job as a laborer on a road construction project in Jersey, and he waited on table in Sayville, Long Island (the first was good for his muscles, the second taught him to be comfortable in those stiff shirt fronts), and he sang with a dance band, and did a little summer stock, and he never went near his mother.

Not that he didn't phone, just that he knew if he visited, she'd press money on him, and he was determined not to be supported by her.

He'd call her up. "Mom?"

She'd try not to sound anxious. "How are you, darling?"

"Fine, fine," he'd say, hearty tone belying the fact that the landlord was pounding on the door.

Dodging eviction

He lived in eight different rooms in New York, and was evicted from two of them. The process was very simple. The landlord would appear and demand the rent. Merle would look innocent. "I'm terribly sorry, sir, I just don't have it."

Sometimes it worked, twice it didn't. Twice they gave him back the same innocent stare he'd turned on them, and said politely, "Get out."

Between jobs, starvation is the main problem of actors, and Merle's solution for this was original. He'd get up at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, go to a one-arm joint and eat a hot dog. This would make him queasy enough so he didn't want to face nourishment again till night.

Lots of days there were parties where people served food; occasionally somebody got married, or had a graduation, and the spreads would be sumptuous; even when you didn't know the principals involved too well, you could always squeeze by the door-keeper if your shirt was clean, and you had a good crease in your trousers.

He fell in love for the first time when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. He'd gone to a cocktail party thrown by some in-the-chips pals, and he'd no sooner settled himself in a chair, than the most beautiful girl in the world walked into the room. She was almost buried in a mink coat, which she removed as she crossed the floor toward him. She dropped the coat in his lap. "Watch it for me, will you?" she said.

He couldn't believe it had happened. Out of all the people there, she'd decided to honor *him* with the custody of her wrap. *Watch it for me, watch it for me.* It was like a song. Someone to watch it for me.

He sat there, hand protectively stretched across the silky, precious fur, and the party built up around him. He never moved, he didn't even go over to where the food was, though he'd been famished before.

Half an hour later, the girl came back, laughing. "You really are watching it, aren't you?"

"Hmm." he said. He remembers it was something brilliant like that.

"Look," she said. "Why don't you take me to dinner? This bash isn't much fun."

He began to stammer. Somebody stuck a pink paper hat on the girl's head, and she brushed it off with a look of irritation. "Well?"

"I can't," he said. "I have no dough."

Her smile was dazzling; her voice had been written by Mozart. "I'll take *you,*" she said, offering her back, so that he could slip the mink onto her shoulders.

Troy and the model

For three months, he couldn't think of anything but the girl. First thing in the morning, last thing at night. She was a model, and she was coining money. His career couldn't have been said to falter since it had never really got going in the first place, but it sure looked dead.

Probably the girl was fond of him, but she was ambitious, and a lot of guys with heavy wallets and custom-made suits were ringing her bell, and she started being busy.

He got the "Troy, honey, I just have to break our date" once too often, and went marching over to her place with fire in his eyes, and of course her headache turned out to be tall, dark and diamond-studded, and Merle was turned away from the premises a much sadder boy.

It was his first broken heart, and he didn't know how to handle it, so he did it all wrong. There'd be phone calls. He'd yell, "I'm never going to see you again," and her silvery laughter would float across the wire, and she'd say, "All right, honey," and he'd be suddenly frightened.

For three months he hung around, reduced to taking any crumb of time that she would spare him. Finally he went away to play in stock. At summer's end

he came home again, the wound healed.

That fall, he took a good, long look at himself. *Swell, you want to act,* he muttered into his mirror. *But right now the only thing that's getting any action is your feet. You're just another pavement-pounding idiot, in a city full of so many pavement-pounding nuts that some joker left a fund to Actors' Equity for the sole purpose of providing said nuts with new shoes.* Merle didn't want new shoes; he didn't want any kind of handout. He wanted work.

A man who'd been a friend of his father's, a fellow named Darryl Brady, suggested that Merle come to Hollywood. He had a job for him—not acting, but he wasn't acting in New York either.

Hollywood. That's where they picked up shipping clerks and truck drivers and co-eds and turned 'em into stars, wasn't it? He could be a shipping clerk as good as anybody, so maybe stardom was a mere 3,000 miles away.

Several months later, he hadn't become a star, but he *was* working steadily for Mr. Brady, and he'd put all his money into a second-hand MG, and a little shack at the beach, and he was reasonably happy. One night he was eating at a place called The Green Pheasant in Malibu, and all of a sudden, the whole scene turned into something out of a Lana Turner movie. Two men came up and introduced themselves. One was a producer named William Archer, the other was a director named James Sheldon, and they didn't waste words. "We'd like to give you a screen test at Columbia," they said.

Figuring it was a gag a buddy had set up, he grinned at them wisely. "Sure you would. And I'll bet you want me to play the King of Rumania."

The offer turned out to be a real one, a fact of which he was ultimately convinced, and then began several weeks of cramming so he'd be good enough.

Just when life looked good . . .

The day before his test was scheduled, he rehearsed and rehearsed on the scene he'd been given. He worked himself to the point of exhaustion, then took a breather, went to visit some friends in town. By the time he started back to his Malibu shack, he was bone-tired.

It was very late, and he fought against an overpowering sleepiness. It went through his mind to pull the car off the road and take a nap. *No,* he told himself. *You'll never wake up in time, and then you'll be in rotten shape tomorrow.* He drove on, fell asleep at the wheel, the car hurdled an embankment.

He doesn't remember how he got out of the wreckage, he doesn't remember crawling up the road, but somehow he made it, and a terrified motorist, appalled at the sight of a bloody, weaving giant, picked him up and took him to the nearest hospital.

Lucky to be alive, he didn't complain about his fractured skull, his bruised spinal column. The thing that bothered him was that they'd shaved his head, and naturally nobody was going to screen test some bald boy. He lay on his back for what seemed like years, pondering the odd ways of destiny, and one day while he was pondering, he had a visitor. An actress friend named Fran Bennett dropped by, and she brought with her an agent named Henry Willson. Merle knew Willson's name. He'd created Tab Hunter out of Arthur Gelien, and turned Roy Fitzgerald into Rock Hudson. Now he was looking contemplatively at Merle.

When Merle Johnson, Junior, finally got up out of bed, he'd been re-christened Troy Donahue, and he was on his way. Willson got him a contract at Universal-International. He was 6′ 3″ tall, blond and blue-eyed, as handsome as anything they'd seen around there in a long time, and they put him into seventeen movies in two years, though no one seems to recall any of them with excitement.

While he was at Universal-International, he met Judi Meredith, who was also under contract. In fact, they'd tested together. Judi was the first girl since the lady in mink who'd really knocked Merle—or Troy, as we'll call him—out.

"I flipped," he says, still not pretending to be cool about the whole thing. He was scared, of course. He was a burnt child, and it had been his experience that if you liked a girl too much you left yourself open to being kicked in the teeth, but Judi tore him up. There was nothing he could do about it.

Another romance

Actually, the romance wasn't a sweet, boy-girl kind of affair. There was too much Hollywood in it. Premiers, date layouts, and always the photographers saying, "Kiss her again, Troy," and her career booming but not his.

Then she fell in love with Wendell Niles, Jr. Wendell was a friend of Troy's, and neither he nor Judi wanted to hurt Troy, so they lied.

There was the night Judi told Troy she had to go to the *Ice-Capades* alone.

Troy phoned Wendell. "How about us having a guy evening? Let's wander around some place—"

Wendell hedged. "I don't know, I'll call you later—"

After dinner, Troy, still restless, rang Wendell back. "He's in the shower," said Wendell's mother. "But Judi's here. Do you want to talk to her?"

He felt as though he'd been punched in the stomach. "No thanks," he said, and hung up the phone. He turned off the lights in his room, and walked over to the window. The ocean had a lonely look to it, with that strange phosphorescence etching the waves, and the moon half gone. *It doesn't seem to matter,* he said to himself. *New York or Hollywood. My girls just don't ever belong to me.*

Next day, he faced Judi. "Why, why, why, why? Why didn't you tell me?"

She was embarrassed, sorry, but unable to give him any satisfactory answer. "We've had it," she said, and that was that. . . .

About a year ago, while he was making *Imitation of Life,* Troy met another girl. This time, she wasn't an actress. He liked her a lot, but he'd learned caution. When he felt she was beginning to care too much, he told her the truth.

They were sitting in a diner, garish lights, and tired faces all around them, and he thought later, *what funny places you play out the most important moments of your life.*

"I don't feel I'm really ready for marriage," he said, and her face crumpled, and smoothed out again all in the space of an instant, and he was stricken. "I don't want to hurt you, baby," he said.

"I'm not hurt," she said, in a funny, low voice, and she stood up abruptly. "I want to go home. Let's get out of here—"

Now that relationship is finished, and Troy concentrates on his career. Warner Brothers, impressed by *Imitation of Life,* cast him in *A Summer Place* (he co-stars with Sandra Dee), and he'd no sooner finished that than he went into *The Crowded Sky.* Warners is absolutely sold on him—"he's got nowhere to go but up"—and he's determined to be a big star.

Fourteen-year-old Troy is a man now, finding what he's always wanted, after all. . . . **END**

Troy's in A Summer Place, *and* The Crowded Sky, *both Warner Bros.*

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Cool It, Debbie

(*Continued from page 25*)

how the gay and charming girl the world had taken to its heart for ten years had turned into a hard, cynical *tres-gai* playgirl.

We felt if this was true we would spot it in a minute through the penetrating eye of the TV close-up.

But we didn't expect to spot that. I guess what we expected to see was a mature and bright young woman handle herself with taste, decorum and intelligence.

But we were wrong.

You came on like gangbusters, a three alarm fire and the blare of 76 trombones—all off-key.

Before you even sat down, your stumbling and jumping around caused a few raised eyebrows. You made anything but a dignified entrance.

You looked lovely, all right. Your hairdo was perfect. Your flower-printed dress was one of the most charming we've ever seen you wear. Your make-up was just right. You were quite a contrast from the girl in pig-tails and blue jeans everyone recalls. Yet the loveliness and subtlety of your appearance was destroyed by your actions.

You didn't give the world a chance to know Debbie.

You came on. And you were phony. And we and everyone else who loves you were upset.

Fantastic performance

Oh, we thought your imitation of your close friend Eva Gabor was brilliant and your Genevieve showed remarkable perception and certainly the fact that you made an effort to entertain was not to be censured. But we were embarrassed when you tried to force Jack, against his will, to dance with you, and we were embarrassed by the way you made fun of some of his clothes. And it was obvious that he was embarrassed too.

Halfway through the program you got serious. You began to talk of Khrushchev and world problems—and you made sense—good sense. The phoniness was gone. You spoke like a mature young woman. A woman of twenty-seven who is genuinely concerned about what is going on in the world—because current events seriously affect the lives of her children. The audience was interested in what you had to say, too.

Then you were interrupted by a commercial and by the time the announcer finished extolling the virtues of the latest deodorant or headache remedy your mood had changed again. You were back on the bandwagon as explosive and as volatile as ever.

Maybe Jack was annoyed that you were running away with the show. Maybe his nerves had had just too much. Or maybe he just didn't think about what he was saying. But he came out with a remark that stunned us. "Is this what Eddie had to go through?" he asked.

We went through the floor with embarrassment for you. We wondered how you would handle it.

Well, you went *to* the floor—not through it.

And as the two of you remained under the desk—out of sight of the viewing audience, strange things began to come into sight: Jack's tie and coat and shoes and handkerchief—and your shoes.

It was funny all right. The audience roared. In the same way people roar when they see someone slip on a banana peel. It seemed like an eternity before you finally came up for air with a somewhat undressed and disheveled Paar. He was obviously unhappy. But you still wouldn't stop. You threw his tie around his neck, began to tuck his shirt back into his pants—and while all this was going on Paar continued to needle you. "Eddie must have felt he was married to an Olympics champion," he commented. But you still wouldn't stop. And when Paar not-too-gently tried to get you off the show by stating that "we are running a half hour late and I'm sure you are in a hurry to get someplace," you ignored the hint and said "I haven't anyplace to go."

Prize-fighters who go down for the count are often saved by the bell. You, Debbie, were saved by another commercial. By the time it was over you got the message. You said good night, but you didn't exit gracefully. One of your shoes had gotten misplaced in that 'strip-tease' act and you had to hobble off the stage.

The studio audience obviously loved your act. We didn't!

Maybe that's because we care about you too much. We felt Paar, intentionally or unintentionally, had humiliated you. We know that every TV network has offered sums ranging up to a quarter of a million dollars to appear in an hour spectacular. Paar got you for his usual minimum of $320. You were willing to stay on 'forever.' Yet he brushed you off in a manner which would have been humiliating to even a publicity-mad starlet.

He said the "show was running late."

We stayed with it to see what was so important to make you so 'expendable.' Scheduled after you was an old Benchley short subject, filmed maybe twenty years ago that could have been run anytime.

And to add insult to injury, Paar ended his show with the words: "Goodnight, Debbie Reynolds, *whatever* you are!"

> **John Drew Barrymore: I love this business, but it breeds ulcers and gray hair.**
>
> *Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

We pondered that statement well into the early hours of the morning. *Whatever you are.* What *are* you Debbie?

Are you really the over-active exhibitionist we saw on the Paar show? The personality whose actions were more grammar-school-girlish than feminine and professional?

That girl's actions are belied by her words: "I don't think I'm mature yet. That takes many more years of living than I have had. But I know more about life than I have before. And I've had many more experiences—some good, some bad. However I don't worry much because I know that any minute some one could push a button that may end the whole world. When I get unhappy about something, I just picture that button and a bomb coming down on us and I don't fret anymore. It's good just to be alive."

It *is* good to be alive. But you've got to slow down to appreciate the joys of living.

The Debbie we all know told a reporter a couple of months ago: "As a bachelor mother I'm very happy. When I come home at night I really come to a home and not an empty house. The fact is I don't have much time to date. I get home around 6:30. I play with the children until they go to bed. On week ends I don't have the desire to go places. My first obligation is still to my children. Then comes my own life, my career, my charities. I'm planning my life ahead now. I have to be sure I'm able to be at home with my family.

"But as a bachelor girl I'm very unhappy. Going out with someone once o twice means involvements here in Holly wood and I don't want to be involved. Als I made a habit of not dating estrange husbands. It's all too complex. I'd rathe go to the movies alone."

That's what you said, Debbie. You sai it late last fall. But your actions—befor and after that remark seemed to negat the words.

The new Debbie

Instead of giving in to yourself an what you really needed, you took lesson in how to be a "gay divorcee"—the phras you beg reporters not to call you—fron Eva Gabor. Eva's personal philosophy wa exactly opposite to what yours had been "Marriage is not for me," she has tol Louella Parsons. "I have found out tha careers and marriage don't mix. I wan to be free to travel to any part of th world when a motion picture assignmen takes me there, and a husband certainl interferes. I have been married ofte enough to know."

The job she did to transform your warm beauty into a sizzling come-on was no half so charming as the news items tha drifted back to us. Items like: *According to folks present on the screen set—woe b the man who wound up with both Debbi R. and Eva Gabor on a date. The tw beauties did nothing but concentrate o making life miserable for the poor guy They made him jump through hoop throughout the evening. If he balked, the gathered up their things and walked out*

But, Debbie, even Eva doesn't follow he own advice: got herself married again.

In any case, allowing for gross exaggeration, even for outright lies, it had to be a new kind of Debbie that inspired a reporter even to think such thoughts.

You wouldn't give the real Debbie a chance. Not even when you fainted dea away in a hotel room after you'd knocke yourself out at a party.

For months you picked up speed by dating the two most ineligible bachelors available—Bob Neal and Harry Karl. From Neal you collected two gifts of diamonds in two weeks and some unsavory publicity that made you mad. But it wasn't long ago that you yourself would have disapproved of a girl's accepting diamonds from "just a friend," and you wouldn't have indulged with Neal in what the newspapers called "a necking session ringside at Ciro's." Not unless you were engaged.

But why get engaged to Neal when Harry Karl was waiting to invite you your mother, your children and a nurse to a friend's house in Honolulu. We know that you, not Karl, paid the rent and that if there'd been any more chaperones there wouldn't have been room to sit down.

But what kind of game were you playing Debbie? Especially when Bob Neal showed up and, according to the Mirror's Lee Mortimer, you slept most of the day and spent most of every night at Don the Beachcomber's holding hands with either Harry or Bob.

When Karl upped and married Joan Cohn (for all of 25 days as it turned out), you merely shrugged your shoulders and went out and found yourself a new millionaire: Walter Troutman—who gave you the champagne and El Morocco treatment. No one took the Troutman 'romance' seriously. The New York cafe-society se knew Walter very well. After your second date a columnist wrote: *Debbie Reynolds who has been taking too many vitamins lately and man-about-New York Walter Troutman are a little premature in the dating department, despite the billing and cooing, to be called a romantic item yet. . . . Walter is a professional bachelor and movie stars are old hat to him.*

Still you seemed to glow in the El Mor-

co treatment and even when you lost diamond brooch there that Bob Neal given you a couple of months before, couldn't have been less concerned.

heart too hurt to feel

Behavior like this confuses us and the ople who love you as much as your navior on the Paar show.

We know you are a devoted mother. t in one breath you say you value your ldren more than any career and in the xt you add, "But I'm so busy with my eer I won't be able to be with them as ch as I like."

We know you are a devoted actress. hough you worked all day long on exior shooting for *The Rat Race*, you spent ur evenings at the Majestic Dance Hall, rking incognito as a dime-a-dance girl, you would be able to understand the whom you are playing. Yet during t same week you allowed your acting get out of hand on the Paar show.

You are aware of the rumors linking your name romantically with Glenn Ford; both you and Glenn have denied them—but still they have continued. We can't look into your heart and find an answer. But we wonder if it isn't possible for you to have fallen in love with Glenn. We wonder if perhaps you aren't trying to hide or deny that love through your actions. And if you are—unless in some way you have been hurt again—why?

We're not trying to preach to you, Debbie. Or to criticize you or knock you. But we *are* knocking the new kick you're on. The hard work and harder play kick that leaves no time for real living or loving.

Come off it, Debbie. Cool down. How can you *not* want love. And how can you imagine that being true to yourself will stop you from getting it? **END**

Debbie's latest films are THE GAZEBO, *MGM, and* THE RAT RACE, *Paramount.*

ome for Christmas

ntinued from page 34)

In a way," said Bette, "even though he s a few days early with this particular sent."

She turned towards the door.

Gary," she said, "—all right."

Barbara's eyes widened as she saw ry Merrill, her stepfather, walk into the m.

Daddy," Barbara shouted, gleefully, en she saw what he was cradling in his ns, "you've brought me a *baby!*"

A little girl," said Gary. He approached bed. "And just for you."

Oh Daddy—oh Mommy," Barbara cried she looked down at the wide-eyed in-t. "Oh she's so beautiful . . . and pink . and wonderful!" She looked up again. ow old is she?" she asked, excitedly.

Exactly a year," said Gary.

And what's her name?"

Margot."

And can I hold her, please, please?" bara asked.

Her mother took the baby from Gary's ns and placed her in Barbara's.

Careful now, she's so tiny," Bette said.

I know," said Barbara. She made a ny little-girl's face. The baby gurgled. e *likes* me," Barbara squealed. "She ws me already, and she *likes* me . . . Daddy. Mommy. Can she stay with us long, forever?"

Of course she can," Bette said, nodding sitting down alongside Barbara. argot's your new sister, sweetheart. r daddy and I just got her from an hanage, a place where little babies hout any parents have to live until ple come along and take them home h them, as we have done, tonight."

And she *will* stay?" Barbara asked.

She'll stay," Bette went on, "as long you remember you must always love and help take care of her and protect and do all those things good big sisters for their little sisters—as long as you ember that she is one of us, from this ment on, one of our very own family."

She's my sister," Barbara said, emtically.

Yes," said Bette.

And I *do* love her," said Barbara.

Good."

And"—the girl giggled—"can she sleep here, in this room with me?"

Later on," Bette said, "when she's er. But for now"—she picked up the y—"Margot sleeps in your old nursery, your crib, which is where she's going now, to sleep . . . And that is something you're due for, young lady, and right now, too."

"Okay," Barbara said, "—excepting for one thing. I've got to say my prayers all over again now. Because I left out one thing before. All right?"

Without waiting for an answer, she jumped out of the bed, kneeled, closed her eyes, and said, quickly:

Thank You for the world so sweet.
Thank You for the food we eat.
Thank You for the birds that sing.
Thank You, God, for everything—
especially for my new little sister.

She paused. Then:

Oh yes—And I'd like You to know,
just to show You how glad I am,
that when Christmas comes I'm
going to give her all my presents.
Thank You, God. Amen. . . .

The terrible things about Margot

Barbara was crying this day two years later, as she stood outside the neighbor's house.

She couldn't wait for her mother's car to come and pick her up.

And when it did come, and she had climbed inside, she cried even more.

"What's the matter—is this the way birthday parties affect you all of a sudden?" Bette asked, puzzled, trying lamely to make a joke.

Barbara shook her head. "I want to go home," she sobbed.

"What *happened*?" Bette asked, taking her daughter's hand.

For a moment, Barbara was silent. And then, looking down, she said, "It was terrible, Mommy, the things some of those girls were saying . . . about Margot."

Bette took a deep breath. "And what did they say, Beedee?" she asked.

"That Margot's sick," Barbara said. She looked back up at Bette. "I was standing there and two of them came over to me and one of them said, 'How's your adopted brother and sister—the boy your parents just adopted and the girl they adopted that time? And I said, 'Their names are Woody and Margot and we don't call them "adopted" like that in our house.' And the girl said, 'Don't get so smart, Barbara; it just so happens they *are* adopted.' And then she said, 'Anyway, I just wanted to find out if your sister is still sick.' I said that Margot was never sick. And they laughed. They said they'd heard their own mothers say that she *is*, that Margot walks funny, always falling and walking into things, that she doesn't talk right yet like she should—that she's *sick*. And one of the girls said her mother was to our house once and that she saw Margot sitting on the floor for an hour, holding her teddy bear, not doing anything but just holding

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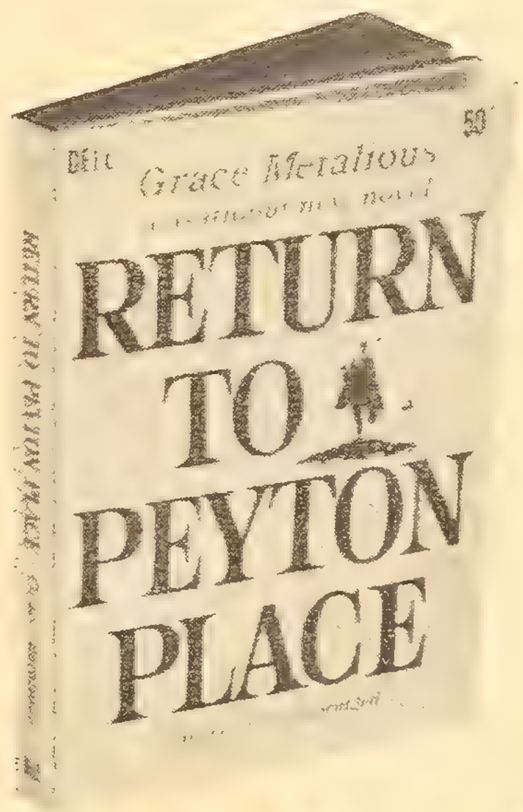
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it and looking at it. And when this girl told me this, she and the other one began to laugh. And I got mad and I said, 'My sister loves her teddy bear, that's why she was holding it so long. It's a very special teddy bear which *I* used to have and which *I* gave her.' I said, 'Besides, besides, she *doesn't* walk funny really, and she *does* talk a little. You see, if it's any of your business,' I said, 'she happens to be still only a baby. Three years old, that's only a baby still,' I said . . . And it *is*, Mommy, isn't it? Isn't it?"

"Of course it is," Bette said. She opened her purse and reached for a handkerchief and wiped some of the tears from her daughter's eyes. "Some children develop more slowly than others," she said. "Some children—"

She stopped.

"Barbara," she said, after a moment, "I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to be a big girl and strong and listen to what I have to say. To promise me this—that if we ever do find out that something *is* wrong with Margot . . . that you won't love your sister any less than you do now. That you'll love her even more, if that's possible. And that you won't cry, the way you're crying now . . . And that you'll understand."

The girl looked at her mother now, trying to understand what *she* was saying.

And then, as if she did—even a little—she said, softly: "All right, Mommy . . . all right. . . ."

The awful diagnosis

The doctor examined the child, thoroughly, carefully.

When he was finished, he called in a nurse.

"Stay with her outside," he said, "and send in Mrs. Merrill."

Bette sat, a few minutes later, across from him.

"Is it bad?" she asked.

The doctor nodded.

"Margot is retarded," he said.

Bette clutched her hands together. "Retarded," she said, slowly, after him.

He had examined the child—four and a half years old now—this past hour, the doctor went on, and during the examination he had even called the orphanage from which she'd come. The people at the orphanage had checked the little girl's records. There had been no mention of anything unusual regarding her medical history for the first year of her life. However, there *was* a notation in her records stating that, at birth, delivery had been difficult and that there had been a "minor injury." Obviously, the doctor told Bette now, it had been more than a minor injury, a concussion perhaps.

"What will happen?" Bette asked.

"I think," said the doctor, "that it would be best for you to send her away . . . to a home. She is a very sad little girl, a lost little girl. They can help her there, at a home."

Bette pursed her lips.

"And then?" she asked.

"There is always hope," the doctor said. "But for now it's clear that only one-half of her brain is functioning and . . . It's best, Bette, for the child, for everybody, if you send her away."

"I don't want to," Bette said. "I can't . . . Can't we get a nurse and keep her at our home, with the other children, where she belongs? Certainly we could afford that, and would want to do that. Certainly—"

"I'm afraid it's more serious than that," said the doctor. Then, again: "It's best this way, Bette."

He lit a cigarette and handed it to her.

She took a quick puff.

"Would she be able to come home week ends?" she asked.

"No," the doctor said. "We find it's best, at the beginning, at least, to keep the children in the home, away from what they've known. Holidays, maybe—after a while. But not weekends . . . It's just better all around that way."

Bette looked over at the doctor. She wanted to talk to him more, as if by talking things might become suddenly, miraculously, solved.

But she knew that that would not be so.

And so, putting out her cigarette, she asked, "When does she have to go?"

"As soon as possible," said the doctor.

"Yes," Bette said rising, and turning, and walking out of the office.

In the anteroom she saw little Margot, sitting on a long wood bench.

She walked up to the child.

She took her hand.

"Come on, darling," she said, "we've got to go home now."

The girl looked up at her. Then she lowered her eyes.

And then, slowly, she slipped off the bench as Bette held to her hand, tightly....

Home for Christmas

It was Christmas morning, 1955.

Margot had been away for two months.

Bette and Gary and Barbara got into the car, to visit her, this first time these past two months, and to pick her up and take her back home with them for Christmas dinner.

The institution, they saw when they got there, was gaily-decorated, with a big tree near the door, big wreaths on the windows, a giant papièr-maché Santa Claus in the garden, with sled and reindeer, all circled by a fort of fake snow in which giant, live poinsettias grew. It would have been a fine place for children to play, they all thought—in their separate ways, except that there were no children around.

A nurse, a tall woman, met them at the door, and began to write out their pass. "The children are all in the assembly room, opening their presents," she said. "You'll have to wait just a few minutes . . . Now, the name of the child you've come to fetch?"

"Margot Merrill," said Bette.

The nurse finished writing out the pass. And then she said, "Would you like to see Margot's room, meanwhile?"

They followed the nurse as she led them to the room, and opened the door.

It was a small room, they saw, with a little bed, a bureau, a tiny blue rocking chair—nothing more.

It struck them all—Bette and Gary and Barbara—as the saddest, loneliest little room they had ever seen.

And they were glad, very glad, that in a few minutes they would be able to take Margot away from it, this room, this place, and bring her back home for a few hours at least.

"Now," the nurse said, looking efficiently down at her watch, "—the assembly room's back this way. Why don't we go there and wait in the rear. . . ."

They stood there, a few minutes later, trying to single Margot out from the dozens of children who sat in a large circle in the middle of the room.

"There she is," Barbara said, softly, excitedly, pointing. "Look."

They all looked now and they saw her. Margot . . . She sat, like the others, leaning forward a little in her chair, holding a small toy in one hand, a big candy stick in the other, listening wide-eyed to the man in the center of the circle who was dressed as Santa Claus and who was in the midst of a rousing refrain of *Jingle Bells*.

They continued watching her—as, like the other children, she listened, joined in on the final chorus, clapped and then rose to leave.

"Margot," Barbara called out, rus over to her now, past some of the o children, grabbing her, hugging her. " are you? . . . How are you?"

"I fine," Margot said, "—Barbara."

She smiled a big smile suddenly. As smiled, too, when Bette and Gary c over and bent and kissed her.

Then, after a few moments, the n stepped forward and said, "All right, M got, you've got to get ready to go now.

The little girl looked at her. The s began to leave her face. "Go?" she as

She looked at them all.

"Go?" she asked, again.

The other nodded.

"Don't—don't you want to come h with us?" Barbara asked, confused.

The little girl didn't answer. But stead she turned and looked around big room, at some of the other chil still there, some of them playing with t new toys, some of them sucking t candy sticks, some of them just stan there, looking back at her.

"What's wrong, Margot?" Barbara as approaching her.

Margot's gift

The girl didn't move, nor look at

Barbara looked up at her mot "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong?" said the nurse, standing to them. She shook her head. "Five even four weeks ago," she said, "someth *was* wrong. Margot was as unhappy t as the day she arrived. She missed all, so much. She cried lots, she woul eat more than a few mouthfuls of food, she sat alone in her room mos the time, on that rocking chair you there, just rocking away, and staring, ro ing and staring all the time . . . And t as it happens with most of the child here, something changed suddenly. Ma made a friend. Don't ask me exactly it happened, I don't know. But she m one friend, then another, then anot And suddenly she was happy here . . . she missed you all still. She always I'm sure . . . But *this* has become her home. *These* children have become new family. And, strange as it may se you must explain to her now that sh be coming back here."

The others looked at the nurse.

And then they turned again to Mar

The little girl had her back to th still; she had not moved and she was watching the other children in the ro

Bette stooped, after a moment, gently, she picked the girl up in her ar She began to talk to her, slowly, softl explaining to her about how they wanted to take her with them now, dinner, for just a little while; how, a dinner, they would all get back into car and come back . . . "here," she s "right back here."

She looked into the little girl's eyes.

"All right, Margot?" she asked.

The little girl smiled again, as she before, and she nodded. "All right," said.

"Good," said Bette. "Good."

And then, still carrying Margot, Be took her daughter Barbara's hand.

"You see, Beedee," she asked, "h things work out in strange and beauti ways sometimes? We came, thinking gift to Margot would be to take her ho for a few hours. We didn't think Mar would have any gift for us, did we? she has. The most wonderful gift any of will ever receive . . . She is happy, final

They brought Margot home that day.

As they will this Christmas to come for a few short and very precious ho

Bette appears in JOHN PAUL JO *Warner Bros., and* THE SCAPEGOAT, MG

Eddie's Love Cured Me!

(Continued from page 33)

nagined, whatever the condition actually as. Liz suffered. This we know.

For we have seen the tears of a woman nmistakably in pain. We saw them in her es that night, four or five years ago, at a arty in Beverly Hills when suddenly, hile dancing, Liz stopped and turned pale nd reached for her back with her right and and then, helplessly, fell weeping to e floor. We saw them the day, in 1957, in exico, when she married Mike Todd, hen towards the end of the reception . . . ter the champagne and the wedding cake ere finished, after most of the guests and l the photographers had left . . . Liz rned to Mike and mumbled something nd threw herself in his arms and then ied out, helplessly, "It hurts, it hurts, oh od, it hurts so much!" We saw them in r eyes a little over a year ago when we sited her in the hospital, following an eration on her spine, when we walked to that $40-a-day room filled with flow-s and sunlight and saw her lying rigidly her stomach, her back covered with ndage and tape, looking over at us, try-g to smile and tell us that she felt fine d that everything was all right, but with ars in her eyes, nonetheless, tears she did t even have the strength to wipe away. Yes, we have seen the tears of her pain. And we tell you now, happily, that those ars are gone—now that Liz Taylor is Mrs. ddie Fisher—gone for good. Since Eddie s come into her life, there has never en a recurrence of her back trouble.

Just as that look of agonized confusion, inner torment, that would come across r face much too often, is gone now too.

She is emotionally unstable, we remember someone writing back in 1952. *And why shouldn't she be? At eight years, an actress. At fourteen, a star. A weird home life—with an aggressive mama taking over the reins of her young daughter's upbringing and career, a quiet and ignored papa sitting in the background, watching, wondering, not daring to say anything. At fifteen, the perplexed cry: 'I have the body of a woman and the emotions of a child.' At seventeen, a long and desperate run from home—marriage to Nicky Hilton, young and reckless playboy—and disaster, culminating in divorce. More running then, wild and free, from man to man, party to party, thrill to thrill, sensation to sensation. Till now, barely in her twenties, the news that she is in England, her outrageous flirtation with forty-year-old Michael Wilding having succeeded, that they will probably be married by the time you read this.*

motionally unstable, the writer had .

nd much as we hated to agree—we had

ust as we had to shake our heads, as the t few years passed, over her marriage Wilding, neither of them doing the other ch good, and admit that her emotional bility was going from bad to serious to ve.

h, there were the fine bright moments Liz, all right.

hat January morning when little hael Jr. was born.

hat February afternoon when little istopher was born.

Maybe some other moments; good, pure, utiful moments.

ut, mostly, there were long, seemingly-endless moments of discontent for Liz.

So that her face—when she was away from the camera, or the public's glare—often became a study in distress, a cause of increasing worry to all of us who knew her.

Who can forget the look on her face that day on the set of *Giant,* when word came that James Dean had just been killed—the stunned look, followed by the hysterical weeping, the shouted cries of disbelief, the stumbling walk from the sound-stage, the collapse in the dressing room?

Who can forget the look on her face the night, minutes after he'd left a party at her hilltop home, Montgomery Clift smashed his car into a tree—the look of fright in her eyes as she rushed down the road to the car, the look of terror as she knelt alongside Monty and lifted his bleeding head into her lap, as she began to sway her own head back and forth and moan and chant and cry, louder and louder and louder, until she was in a state of near-shock?

People who knew Liz vaguely wondered, both these times, *why the act?*

What Liz could not control

It was no secret around Hollywood that James Dean and Liz hadn't gotten along well all during the making of *Giant.* That Dean had once told a reporter, "If you don't think this gal is much on-screen, you should get to know her off." That they had fought on more than one occasion. That they had made it a point to avoid each other as much as possible.

About the Monty Clift incident, it should have been obvious to Liz—certain people said on hearing what had happened—that although her dear friend had been injured, he was in no great danger. That her 'raving' at the scene of the crash made it seem that somebody had just been killed. That Monty was "—after all, still very much alive."

So spoke the cynics.

But those of us who knew Liz, knew her well, understood that these were not 'acts."

That these were inevitable outlets of expression for a tortured girl who seemed almost to *wait* for tragedy so that she could free herself—even for a short while—of her own burden of recurring pain, of growing discontent.

There are no outbursts now. Today, we see Liz miraculously changed—happy, healthy, content, calm, at peace with herself, with life.

In short, cured. . . .

Liz was cured by Eddie Fisher.

For well over a year now, millions of people all over the world have scorned these two.

You yourself have heard the cracks, maybe even made some of them.

"Liz Taylor? What's she got to offer *him* except a lot of trouble . . . Homewrecker . . . Husband-snatcher . . . Miss Big Movie-Star . . . Money spender . . . How long is she going to last with *him?*

"Eddie Fisher? What's he got to offer her except his old records . . . Has-been . . . Mike Todd's best friend, ha ha . . . Sucker . . . Weakling . . . Deserter . . . How long is he going to last with *her?*"

Some people, even less impressed with Eddie than with Liz, went on to wonder: "What does she want with such an ordinary guy, anyway? Nicky Hilton—at least he had looks and money. Michael Wilding—at least he had class. Mike Todd—he had *everything* to give her; glamour, wealth,

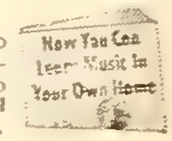


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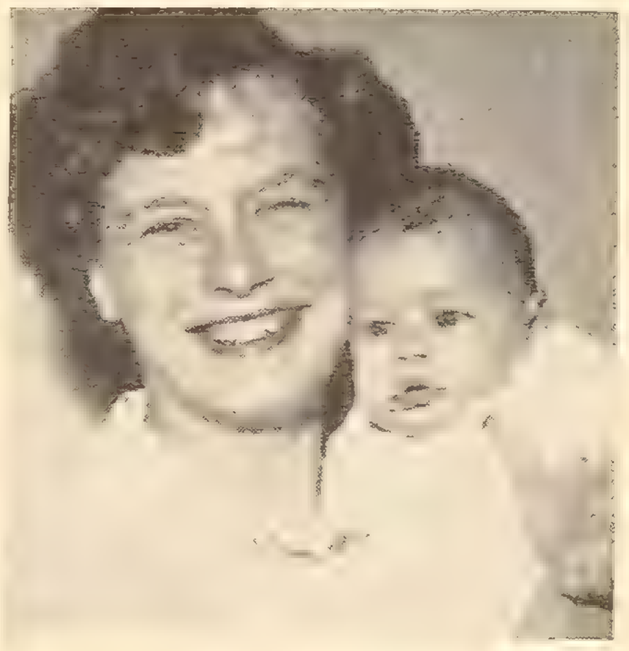


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excitement, the biggest of the big time."

"Well, they deserve each other," practically everybody sneered, the day last May when Eddie and Liz were married.

Everybody except those very few people who realized the truth. And who said, "They *need* each other, *desperately,* don't they?"

For these are the people who saw behind the titillating newspaper headlines, who sensed the real truth of this couple.

What Eddie had to offer

"We got to know each other," Liz has said, in private, to friends, "soon after Mike died. We had seen each other for years, Eddie and I. We had been in the same room a thousand times. He had been best man when I married Mike. But it wasn't till the night, not long after the funeral, when Eddie called me that we actually got to know one another.

"Lots of writers—newspapers and magazine people—have written about this call. They say it came at four o'clock in the morning. They indicate that Eddie and I talked about Mike for a while and that then Eddie asked me what I was doing the next night. They wrote what lots of their readers wanted to read—about these two bad people plotting their future, evilly, clandestinely, while the rest of the world was fast asleep.

"Actually, Eddie's call came shortly before midnight that night. I remember this because I was just about to go to bed when the phone rang.

"Yes, we talked about Mike, of course. Mike was all we talked about, in fact. For ten minutes, fifteen, twenty—I don't remember exactly.

"Except that I do remember, just before we hung up, Eddie saying something to me that I will never forget:

"'Liz,' he said, 'I've botched my life up with all kinds of problems, so I guess I'm not really the guy who should go around offering help—but if you ever need anything, want to talk over anything, if . . . going through what you're going through now . . . you find yourself faced with problems you can't solve yourself, alone, please—please, Liz, get in touch with me. For what little help I might be'

"I loved Eddie for that. Hundreds of people had gotten in touch with me those past few days, offering me help, consolation, solace. I knew they would take me to dinner, if I liked. I knew they would take the children for a drive, out of the house for a while, for some fresh air, if I wanted that. Invite us all out somewhere for a week end. I knew they meant well, that their offers were genuine.

"But something about Eddie—about what he had just said, the way he'd said it, the lost, sad feeling and sound of his voice—made me feel that here was the only person alive I would really want to call on if the days ahead became any blacker than they already were.

"'Thank you, Eddie,' I said. 'I may just do that—give you a ring some day.'

"And then I hung up.

"And it was the next day, as the lonely hours grew darker, that I found myself thinking about him, what I'd said . . . as I found myself staring at the phone, wanting to talk to him again, wanting so much to talk to him again."

Liz did phone Eddie— a few days later.

"There were moments during that call," Liz recalls, "when there were long silences between the two of us—when neither Eddie nor I said anything . . . Other people might have cleared their throats during those pauses and made one excuse or another and finally said 'Well . . . good-by for now,' and hung up.

"But, for us, even in those pauses there was warmth, a wonderful warmth, the beginnings of our love.

"I began to realize—during that talk and the meetings that inevitably followed—that I was with a human being I could understand, who could understand me.

"What was it about Eddie, exactly, that made me feel this way?

"Well, let's put it this way, simply:

"I learned to *share* life with Eddie. I learned—me, someone who had been way up on a special pedestal all her life, who had been on the receiving end of life all these years—that there was someone somewhere, with whom I could exist on an *equal* level, someone I could *give to* while I received.

"I had never given before. I don't know that I had ever thought about giving. It had been comfortable, convenient, to be clothed in a warm blanket of security, surrounded by people who wanted to do things for me, and only for me.

"But now I realized that what I had thought to be comfort . . . convenience . . . was not that at all.

"That all my life I had really wanted a person *I* could comfort, who needed my giving as much as I needed his.

"This has been the special beauty of our love, mine and and Eddie's.

"I needed him. He needed *me.*

"Together, we have shared life. . . .

"I have learned to give. And for this, to God, to my husband, I will always be grateful. . . ." EN

Liz stars in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER, *Columbia,* BUTTERFIELD 8, *MGM, and* CLEOPATRA, *20th-Fox.*

An Ave Maria for Mario

(Continued from page 21)

"A boy."

"And what are they naming it, do you know?"

"Mario, after the mother, Maria," said the midwife. "Mario Lanza Cocozza."

The neighbor woman listened as the baby, in the next room, began to cry suddenly.

"Listen to that noise," she said, "You sure, with a big voice like that, he was only *just* born?"

The midwife smiled. "I told the father," she said, "as soon as I heard that loud voice, that first moment—I said, 'If anything, you should name this little one Enrico, in honor of Caruso.'"

"Ah," the neighbor woman said, shaking her head, "it's a sin, isn't it, what happened to Caruso?"

"What happened?" the midwife asked.

"He died," the other woman said. "Last night. In Italy. I just heard it on the radio . . . He was singing. His throat began to bleed. And he went, just like that. You didn't know?"

"No," the midwife said, her smile disappearing, saddened by the knowledge that the greatest tenor voice of all time had been silenced, and feeling foolish inside herself that—even in jest—she had compared a tiny newborn baby's crying with *his* voice. . . .

HOLLYWOOD—THE WINTER OF 1949: "I know, I know," the agent, a small and enthusiastic man, agreed with the MGM producer, a big man, a bored man, "they say it about *any* guy who can open his trap and reach a high C—*'He sounds just like Caruso!'* . . . But, believe me, this guy I've got waiting outside *does.*"

"Does what?" the producer asked, yawning.

"Sings," the agent said, for the tenth time those past five minutes. "Like Caruso, he sings. Like an angel. Like nobody you've ever heard before."

"Same guy I saw you walking with before, near the commissary?" the producer asked.

"Yes," the agent said.

"He's too fat for pictures, you should know that," the producer said. "He must weigh 300 pounds."

The agent shook his head. "He weighs 240 right now. But he can cut off fifty of 'em easy. He's a nervous type. He needs a job now. When he's nervous he eats—poor as he is, he eats and eats and gets fat. Sign him up, relax him and you'll see how fast he loses."

The producer shrugged. "Look," he said, "this fellow of yours, he's got some test recordings he's made, hasn't he?"

"Sure," the agent said.

"Well, mail me a few of them and I'll listen when I have some time . . . I'm busy right now."

He yawned again, and started to turn away.

"Nossir," the agent said, "it's now or never. You hear him today, live, or you don't hear him at all. Not at *this* studio."

The big producer turned back to look at the little agent again. Little agents, he knew, didn't talk this way to big producers unless they were pretty damn sure of themselves.

"In exactly forty-five minutes," the agent went on, "I have an interview with my boy over at U-I. This afternoon we go to Warner's. I brought him here first because I think you people can put him to best use. But if you don't even want to hear him—"

"All right," the producer said, bringing up his hand, "wait a minute."

He picked up his phone and dialed an inter-office number.

"Joe?" he asked, talking now to Joseph Pasternak, another Metro producer, the most music-minded of all the Hollywood brain-trust, "got a kid here, young tenor from Philly. He's supposed to be good. Want to hear him with me? . . . Okay, see you on Stage 12 in ten minutes."

He hung up and rose.

"Come on," he said then, to the agent, "let's pick up this marvel of yours and get this thing over with!"

"It was the most unbelievable moment of my life," Joe Pasternak has since said. "I got to the soundstage a little late. He had already begun to sing. I recognized the song as the tenor aria from *The Girl of the Golden West,* by Puccini. I stood there at the door, listening for a few moments. If he had stopped right then and there I'd have known that this was the most beautiful male voice I had ever been privileged to hear. But he did not stop. He sang on and on, other Puccini arias, Verdi arias, popular tunes, Neapolitan street songs and sea chanties his parents had taught him. The voice grew more and more beautiful as he sang. I was awe-struck. I even wept a little. I have since wept over him—over what eventually happened to him as the next years passed. But at that moment, that first moment, standing there at that door, my tears were only for his voice, strong, and pure, and beautiful, that voice that he

self was to describe as 'a gift given
ne by God so that its sound and feeling
ht be passed on to others. . . .'"
Within that next hour, Mario Lanza
ozza (soon to drop his last name) was
his way.
Midway during the audition, Pasternak
the other producer had summoned
e Schary, then talent and production
d of MGM, to Stage 12 to hear the
ng man sing.
chary came, listened, and then asked
io to come to his office for a talk.
Then the talk was over, Mario rushed
n Schary's office—past Schary, Paster-
, the other producer, his agent—to a
king lot just outside the studio, where
wife of four years, Elizabeth Hicks,
lovely dark-eyed girl he'd married
945, when he was in the Army, sat in
mall rented Chevy, waiting for him.
Betty," he called, as he approached her,
made it. . . . I'm in. . . . It happened."
he girl in the car smiled nervously,
excited to say anything.
I sang for them," Mario said, opening
door and getting in alongside her, "I
g—and they took me to their offices
they said, 'Man, we want you for
ures, lots of pictures.' And to show
they meant it, they gave me *this*."
e reached into his pocket and pulled
a check.
Ten thousand dollars," he said. "You
it? . . . Just to sign with them, and
nobody else."
e handed his wife the check.
Go ahead," he said. "Take it in your
ers. Feel it. It's real. It's good, Betty,
d; as good as the bad we've known has
n bad. . . . It's a house, Betty. The
n-payment, anyway. . . . And it's food
t out-of-cans food anymore, but good
l. call-the-butcher-and-ask-for-steak
l of food. . . . And it's a family for us,
y; kids, like we've always wanted.
l a career. And a whole new life!"
e took a handkerchief from his pocket.
Here," he said, laughing through his
tears, "—don't cry. . . . This is the
nning of everything we've wanted,
ing for.
Don't cry, Betty," he said, putting his
around her. "You'll get tears on the
k, and it'll blur."
e laughed some more.
t she did not.
Don't cry, come on," he said. "People
supposed to cry at the end of some-
g. And this is the beginning.
he *beginning*. . . ."

VENING IN 1954: "It's all over," he said,
ng back, despondently.
e looked around the room. The room,
room, was only one-twentieth of the
e—the biggest, the most lavishly dec-
ed and furnished house in Bel-Air;
castle," the rest of Hollywood called

looked around the room, empty now,
pt for himself and his Betty.
had been crowded, just a little while
er, with reporters, with a butler serv-
champagne and Scotch, with three
s passing 'round the heaps of hors
uvres, with Mario standing near the
, smiling away as if he didn't have a
y in the world, making light of what
ened that day.
o Metro fired me this afternoon," his
had boomed, "—so what? So they
me lax, untrustworthy, because I cost
money holding up their *Student*
e while I tried to lose some weight,
they wanted, insisted on, and while I
to get some other affairs in order.
forget at Metro the money I made
hem these past five years? They for-
that *The Great Caruso* alone made
een-million dollars in its first year.

for them? Look at all I've done for them!
"Yes," he'd nodded, "they forget. But so what? They have fired me and I'm free now, free to make the kind of pictures *I* want to make. For other studios. They all want me—Paramount, Warners, Universal. They all want me!"
He'd gone on, his voice lowering a little. "Most of you people here know me pretty well, right?" he'd asked. "For five years now you'd been writing about me in your newspapers and your magazines. You've written about the good things that have happened to me—my success, my popularity, my wonderful life with my wife and children. You've written, too, about the not-so-good things—the trouble I've had with my studio and some of the stars out here, the trouble I've had with my weight, the trouble with false friends who've misled me and who've squandered most of the money I've earned.
"Well, now I want you to write this in your newspapers and magazines, word for word:
"The rumors that Mario Lanza is through are false.
"The rumors that he has pushed his voice too far, and that it is going, are false.
"The rumors that he is a troublesome no-good who enjoys making life hard for anybody he works with are false."
He'd raised a glass he was holding.
"To the future," he'd said, "—right here in Hollywood."
"To the future—in Hollywood," the reporters who'd been listening said back.

NEXT MONTH:

Watch for

LOUELLA'S

big *story*

on **DEBBIE!**

And they had all drunk.
And laughed.
And slapped his back, wishing him luck.
And then, after a while, they had gone. . . .
"It's all over," Mario said now, the big smile no longer on his lips, the room quiet, empty. "I'm finished here, Betty."
"Why do you say that?" his wife asked, shaking her head.
"Who am I kidding?" Mario said. "I try to talk it into myself. I try to convince others. 'Everybody wants me,' I brag—"
"Your fans want you," his wife said, "the people want you."
"But not the studios," Mario said. "They're wary of me. All of them. They're afraid to take a chance with me. I'm a tiger to them, untamed and dangerous. They're *afraid* of me . . . They're businessmen, with their problems. I'm an artist, with mine. How can we ever understand one another?"
His wife said nothing for a while.
Then, softly, she asked, "What do you want to do, Mario?"
"Buy a ranch," he said, quickly, nodding, "a beautiful and lonely ranch, far away, in Montana maybe, or in Arizona. And work hard all day, out in the open, for you and for our children. And then at night, when the sun goes down, come back to the house for a big supper, with no worries about my weight—just eating and getting as heavy as God intended me to get, with no worries about the cameras, the producers, the directors, the wardrobe men with their tape measures around my waist . . . And then, after supper, I would sing. In the living room, you at the piano, me standing there behind you, the children sitting around listening if they want—and me, I would sing, just singing for the love of it, for—"
He stopped.
"Someday maybe," he said, "when we have some money again, when I've paid these debts I owe, we can do that, hah, Betty?"
"And for now?" his wife asked.
"For now we'll go to Europe," Mario said. "They want me for some pictures in Italy. There they still *do* want me. . . . We can live in Rome. . . . All right?"
Betty nodded—this woman about whom it has been said: "She understood and appreciated Mario as no one else in the world ever could. Through good times and bad, she rode right along with him, this wife, sweetheart, manager and mother to a big lost boy."
"All right?" Mario asked again.
And Betty nodded again. "Of course," she said, "if you think it's best."
Mario sighed.
"Who knows what's best anymore?" he said.

ROME—1958—FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MARIO: "Everything is fine. I am riding high again. Hollywood counted me out. I took the long count—three-and-a-half-years, no work. I cried on the ropes. But I got up and started belting out songs and pictures again, and I am going back to the top of the heap. Man, I'm living. And I want to go on forever. On. On. On. Go. Go. Go. Don't ask me why, but I would like to live forever. . . . Maybe because I and my wife and my family have never been so happy!"

ROME—THE CLINIC OF SANTA GIULIA—OCTOBER 7, 1959: He had lied to Betty, that day a little over a week earlier. He'd told her that the dieting he'd been undergoing these past couple of months had weakened him, that he was coming down with a bad cold, that the doctor had suggested a rest in the hospital. He'd said nothing of the truth to her—that the dieting had weakened him to the point where he was feeling pains around his heart, that the doctor had examined his heart and suggested a long period of tests and observation.
He had lied so well that Betty hadn't been the least bit concerned about him these past days, other than that he was away in the hospital, and that she and the children missed him.
He had lied so well that even now, this Wednesday morning, as she sat there alongside his bed, holding his hand, as she listened to him speak the strange and melancholy words, she found herself smiling.
"You won't like what I'm going to talk about now, Betty," Mario said. "I know that. But I must. . . . When I die, my Betty—"
"Yes, forty years from now," Betty said, "fifty years, *when* you die—"
"*Whenever* I die," Mario said, "I want—I want you to do certain things for me."
"And that is?" Betty asked.
"First of all," Mario said, "I want you to be very brave, to promise me that you won't cry too much."
"I'll probably be too old to raise a tear by that time," Betty said.
"That you will take care of the children, continue to take care of them, with as much love and care as you always have," Mario went on.
"They'll all be married," Betty said, "and have children enough of their own to take care of."
"And," Mario said, "I want—"
"Mario, that's enough," Betty said, squeezing his hand, her smile tentative now, nearly gone.
"That at my funeral," he said, "you will ask the priest if he'll give permission to

have one of my records played in the church, during the Mass."

He closed his eyes.

Betty said nothing.

"The *Ave Maria*," Mario said. "My voice, I want it to ring through the church as I lie there. I want it for you and the children—so you will know that a part of me, at least, is still alive, and with you."

His eyes opened.

"Will you do that for me?" he asked.

"Yes," Betty said, suddenly afraid.

FOUR DAYS LATER: "I am sorry, Signora," the priest said, at the Lanza villa, that morning. "I have spoken to the Bishop. The idea of the recording, though it was your husband's last wish, must be vetoed. Schubert, the composer, was not a Catholic. It is a matter of ecclesiastics . . . We know how you grieve right now. Anything else in our power, within sanction, we will do . . . But this we cannot. . . ."

Three thousand Romans stood in the square outside The Church of the Sacra Cuore della Madonna later this sun-filled morning, watching, silently, as the coffin was lifted from the black-draped hearse, and carried inside—followed by the stunned widow and her four small children, and by the others who had arri with them.

The people outside waited, still sil throughout the Mass. Till, towards the e the bells of the church began to toll till someone, an old woman, weeping, gan to pray aloud for the repose of soul of Mario Lanza.

Ave Maria, she prayed, chanting, si ing, almost,

Ave, Ave, Dominus, Dominus tecum
Benedicta te in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris.

Mario's last film is For The First Ti *MGM.*

The Fabulous Fifties

(*Continued from page 50*)

And, toward the end of the year, in late September—that seemingly never-to-end story starts, which began with the headline: ELIZABETH TAYLOR DATES HUSBAND OF "BEST FRIEND" DEBBIE REYNOLDS IN NEW YORK. EDDIE FISHER CONFIRMS HE WILL ASK DEBBIE FOR A DIVORCE.

1959: Ingrid Bergman, that most controversial lady, was invited to return for her first visit in years as a special guest of the Academy. Accompanied by her bridegroom, Lars Schmidt and daughter Pia, Ingrid accepted—leading to many debates pro and con as to whether she should ever have been invited.

The coveted Oscars of '59 were won by Susan Hayward for *I Want To Live* and by David Niven in *Separate Tables.*

MOVIE MARRIAGE OF THE YEAR—naturally was that of Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher in a Jewish ceremony in Las Vegas on May 8th.

MOVIE DIVORCE OF THE YEAR—just as obviously Debbie Reynolds' freeing the way for the marriage above—and thank heavens, at last, we began to hope we could take a breather from this triangle!

Next to Debbie's divorce the most startling suit was Eleanor Powell's against Glenn Ford after 16 years of marriage. "I've had it!" Eleanor told the Judge on May 2nd—incidentally Glenn's birthday.

Less startling partings were: Anita Ekberg's from Tony Steele on April 28th; the not surprising action filed by Mrs. Peter Viertel paving the way for her writer husband to marry Deborah Kerr when *she* is free—and May Britt and her youthful Stanford student socialite bridegroom of a year, Ed Gregson.

BABY NEWS: The birth of a DAUGHTER—at last—to Bing Crosby and his actress wife Kathy Grant, their second child, after five sons for Bing!

An earlier birth to make news was the arrival of a much desired son to the late Tyrone Power and his widow, Debbie Minardos, on January 22nd.

DEATHS of 1959 were numerous and shocking starting with the loss of that master showman, Cecil Blount De Mille, great creator of screen spectacles, on January 21st.

A severe loss to Hollywood.

Joan Crawford's husband, Al Steele, high-salaried head of a soft drink company died in their New York apartment in April.

Another top directorial name, Charles Vidor, was lost to us while directing *Magic Flame* (the Franz Liszt story) in Vienna.

Then early September brought those three tragic deaths of superstitious belief—beautiful, gay Kay Kendall who captured all our hearts in *Les Girls* and who had so much to live for—died at the age of 32, of leukemia, in the arms of her grieving husband Rex Harrison.

A few days later, in almost the same manner, in the arms of his wife, Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas suffered a fatal heart seizure; lovable little Edmund Gwenn, that fine actor and comedian who had been tops with American audiences since his touching and prize-winning performance in *Miracle On 34th Street,* also passed away.

1959 brought an end to the short violent life of Mario Lanza. And to the rich, full and daring life of swashbuckling Errol Flynn, whose death seemed to epitomize the end of the gay romantic era in Hollywood's history.

1959 saw film personalities having their usual share of accidents and illnesses, the most serious being Bob Hope's eye trouble (he has now permanently lost partial sight in his left eye). And Audrey Hepburn's bad fall from a horse while shooting a scene for *The Unforgiven* in Durango, Mexico.

Also, Hollywood was electrified by two widely divergent developments during '59. Fast rising young actress Diane Varsi, a smash in her first big role in *Peyton Place*—walked out flat on her career to enroll as a college student in Bennington College in far off Vermont. Diane's parting shot was "I'm through with Hollywood and its false face."

Want to bet?

Another "private life" shocker was the family feud which broke out between Bing Crosby and his four grown sons after Bing was quoted as saying "I'm a bad father." Unfortunately, Gary agreed with him—all this to the tune of some pretty disillusioning and unhappy headlines. Let's hope 1960 will find this family clan devoted and united again.

The outstanding MOVIE GIRL OF THE YEAR was that redheaded pixie Shirley MacLaine—with blonde Lee Remick of *Anatomy of a Murder* fame not very far behind.

And if you think I am going to close this fascinating chapter on the fascinating year of 1959 without mention of that great day in my own life, June 7th, when I was presented with an honorary Doctor of Letters Degree at Quincy College, Quincy, Ill.—you just don't know your girl reporter. . . .

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"Your *what?*" Astrid almost screamed me.

"Here, let me see what you're read anyway."

Stealthily, like a cornered rat, I back away.

But, quick as a cat, she leaped, snatched the article.

She flipped to the front page wh Louella had typed her name, cast a l cold eye at me and said, "So! Two seco ago I thought I'd married a genius, an turns out he's nothing but a crook!"

Redemption

I hung my head in shame.

I had nothing to say.

"Nothing but a crook," she repeated.

"The crooked shall be made straight, replied weakly. "It says so in the Bi I'll redeem myself. I'll wash the dis tonight."

"It's bad enough that you've lied broken my faith in you," she said, gu ing down a giggle; "don't come i my kitchen and break all the dish too."

"I'll tell you what I will do then," I s "I'll answer your impossible questi "Not in six minutes, but tonight, very night I promise I'll write it all do all by myself, all about the Fifties, a wh long article that I might even print Modern Screen, and I won't steal a wo not a single word, from anybody, not e Louella.

"And you know what it'll be about? "The really wonderful thing that ha pened in the entertainment world the Nineteen Fifties—Youth. Vita Y-O-U-T-H.

"A great big shot in the arm of Elvis Frankie and Tommy and Connie and Ric and Fabian, all turning loose on the w weary old world of the Fifties a wh circus wagon full of old-time joyful sing and dancing.

"And it'll be about the moody, qu ones too, the strange ones—all the from Jimmy Dean to Tuesday Weld said to the tired old world of the Fift "Listen, World, we may not be the you think kids should be, in fact you think we're kookie as Kookie, but in own way we're serious, World, and you got to dig us sooner or later. . . ."

"Sooner or later," Astrid cut in, appreciate it if you'd listen to me, too, one second. Now before you get carr away (and I do mean by the man in white coat) will you please find th Christmas decorations?"

Stick around

Well, to make a long story just a bit longer, I still haven't located the th (or was it four?) boxes of last ye colored lights and tinsel, and I still hav written that article for Modern Scr about Hollywood in the Fabulous Fift but I would at least like to say to al you *Merry Christmas, Happy New Y and stick around for the Sensatio Sixties.*

irst Love

ontinued from page 27)

That day began with a song, a sad song. nette was staying in bed late that morn-, listening to her record player spinning laintive tune of loneliness and dream- about the date she would have with ul Anka that evening. She had often mired his singing, often thought about n, always wanted to meet him. Then expectedly, Irv Feld, Paul's manager, to thinking that these two kids would it off beautifully, and he arranged a ner date for them. Tonight was the ht.

She lay in bed, listening to Paul's voice, amily imagining what their date would like, what Paul would be like.

What would come of their meeting? uld they meet, be stiffly cordial and n never see each other again? Or would re be a spark and would the lights go in their eyes and would they want to each other again and again and again? nnette, one of the more fickle young ies in this world, had gone out with and n attracted to many boys. But though was sixteen and had often been kissed, e of her romances had been lasting.

The one serious crush she'd had was an 'older man' of twenty-six, a camera- n named Jack who worked for her dio, who had promised to wait for her. nette was fifteen then. But this dream s shattered when he upped and married ly this year . . . leaving Annette broken rted.

She had never fallen into the tender of love with a boy her own age, but he bait were attractive she was willing h, so willing—to be captured.

Perhaps tonight would be the night Annette was going to surrender her heart. . . .

I'm just a lonely boy . . . Lonely and blue. . . .

Paul's song interrupted her reverie and Annette smiled to herself and promised herself that Paul Anka would not be lonely tonight . . . !

That first date

But this promise wasn't easy to keep. At first, they were both lonely . . . and shy. Whenever their eyes met, Paul and Annette would smile softly at each other and then quickly shift their attention to the tablecloth. Both nervously fingered the silverware and both were looking around the room for familiar faces they never found.

"Isn't Dick Clark great?" asked Paul, in a desperate attempt to get a conversation going.

"I'm in love with Dick," answered Annette, in a rush of relief at having *anything* to talk about. "He's wonderful and I'll never be able to thank him for everything he's done for me. I can't wait until he gets out here this summer to make his film. You know, Paul, my secret ambition is to be in that picture."

"I'll be here then, too," Paul said enthusiastically, "to make my first film. I wonder what it will be like?"

It may have been a slow beginning, but they soon found they had a lot to discuss with each other—the movies, the record industry, Irv Feld, the weather, Fabian, food, the new house Annette was about to move into, rock 'n' roll, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. They stopped looking for other faces and began to concentrate on one another's.

If I get my way, dreamed Annette in the semi-darkness of the restaurant, *this lonely boy is never going to be lonely again.*

Too bad I've got to leave town so soon, Paul wistfully thought. *This girl is too good to leave behind. . . .*

And all too soon Paul led Annette up the short walk to her front door. The evening drew to a close. Without saying a word, they both knew instinctively that they would be seeing a lot more of each other. Paul didn't want to end their relationship with just one dinner engagement and Annette was anxious to see Paul under more informal circumstances.

Annette leaned expectantly against the door. Paul edged closer and murmured, "Thanks for a wonderful evening. I'll call you as soon as I can."

Then he silently turned away, headed back to his car, and drove off, remembering the sweetness of Annette's shining smile. . . .

Up in her room, Annette tossed about in her bed, wondering about the last few moments of her date with Paul. She was certain he had been about to kiss her, but had hesitated at the last moment. She wondered why. She was perfectly willing to kiss a boy on a first date, if the boy meant something to her. And though she hardly knew Paul, she was certain that he was going to mean a great deal to her. She really suspected that he liked her too . . . maybe he didn't want her to think he was too fast, she decided . . . But she wished he had kissed her. . . .

Perhaps her guess was wrong and Paul's sweet good-bye had just been the cue for a hasty exit? Perhaps she was drawing too many conclusions from just one brief encounter? Perhaps she ought to turn over, she told herself, shove her head under the pillow and forget she ever met Paul. . .

But those doubts need not have worried her. For Paul had been completely captivated by Annette; he found her so nat-

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED MARIO LANZA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
T HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKED ERROL FLYNN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
T HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE PAUL ANKA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE TROY DONAHUE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE JIMMIE RODGERS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

(see other side)

ural and unpretentious, yet so grown up.

Courting time

From then on, whenever Paul flew into Hollywood, he would rush down the airline ramp and dash into the nearest phone booth to buzz Annette and tell her that he was on his way over. Suddenly Annette's time became Paul's time. She looked forward to Paul's infrequent visits, although there were moments when her happiness would evaporate with the sudden realization that their romance was existing almost by remote control.

The rare dates they managed to share were memorable, though. Like the night at the Palladium Ballroom. What made that occasion so special was that they were able to dance all night unrecognized in a crowd of over a thousand. If they were noticed, they just seemed like any other young couple in love.

Then there was the exciting 'grand tour' evening Paul planned when he got back to Hollywood after a long absence.

This night to remember began with a multi-course dinner at Paul's rented house. This time, in contrast to their first awkward meeting, neither Paul nor Annette was self-conscious. No spoons rattled and no knees shivered. They just basked in the enjoyment of being together again.

After dinner, on an impulse, they changed into bathing suits. They splashed in Paul's swimming pool for an hour and came out gay and light-hearted.

Then Paul whisked Annette to a local amusement park. Riding anything which moved, throwing at anything which stood still and laughing at anything at all, they emerged from the park at closing time happier than they had ever been together.

The next morning Annette told a girlfriend, "What a fabulous personality Paul has. He sure can show a girl a good time . . . and can he kiss . . . !"

Her friend was convinced that Annette was finally shedding her fickle nature.

The romance begins to cool

But even as Annette was bubbling over about what a marvelous time she'd had, she was already beginning to feel a slight change in her feelings about Paul. They certainly had fun times together, no one could deny that, but that magic something that had put stars in her eyes when they first met was beginning to dim a little each time they were together. She was beginning to see Paul with clearer eyes now and in a different image.

"Perhaps," a doubtful Annette began to realize, "Paul is destined to become a platonic friend. Somehow I can picture him more as my brother than my boyfriend. . . ."

It was a painful realization and it took courage for Annette to admit it but the pain now would be nothing compared to a later heartbreak.

And Annette did not want to hurt Paul. She was determined to make the change subtly. For a while nothing seemed to be any different than before.

Then, without warning, they had an argument, the same silly sort of problem that so often manages to push a wedge into a teenage romance.

The argument took place not in California but in New York. Paul was opening in a Syracuse nightclub the same week that Annette was appearing in a rock 'n' roll revue in nearby Albany. Annette had promised to commute to the club to catch Paul's act and he was anxiously anticipating her visit.

But Annette never arrived. Her show, which co-starred Frankie Avalon, had run an hour overtime in response to an enthusiastic crowd and Annette had decided that it wouldn't be fair to arrive only time to catch a small portion of Paul's a

But she was tired from the grueling pe formance and put off calling Paul un the morning. When she finally did, Pa was angry but willing to accept her e planation. She repeated her promise show up that night.

But fate and another enthusiastic a dience combined to prevent her from g ting to Syracuse. Paul was upset about incident and for a couple of weeks, th kept out of each other's way.

Finally they mutually apologized a picked up their friendship as if it nev had been interrupted. But as far as Anne was concerned, that's just what it wa friendship. Those weeks of being aw from Paul only reinforced her feeling th for her, the romance was dead. She lik Paul very much, yes, but definitely as friend; she could never think of him as sweetheart again.

But before she had found the right m ment to break the news to Paul, fate i tervened again. Both were signed for D Clark's national musical road show- seven-week cross-country caravan wh thrust them together in daily contact.

Reports from the just-concluded to indicated that the embers are still smou dering and that Paul is trying to fan spark where a flame once blazed. Th are spending their off-hours together, aw from the watchful eyes of potential crit

If they should beat the odds and mana to rekindle the glory of their first love mantle of doubt will nevertheless have shroud their romance; a carbon copy ne is as genuine as the original.

Annette's in Walt Disney's SHAGGY D
Paul's in GIRL'S TOWN, *MGM,* THE P
VATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, *Warner Br*
Permission to quote Paul Anka's so
LONELY BOY *given by Spanka Music Co*

7. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE BETTE DAVIS

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE GARY MERRILL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE THE KINGSTON TRIO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with them
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I READ: [1] all of the **FABULOUS FIFTIES**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

11. I READ: [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

12. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE **NAME**

ADDRESS STREET

CITY **ZONE** **STATE**

PAUL ANKA Co-Star of **"GIRLS' TOWN,"** an MGM release

"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"



Discover the hidden beauty of Your hair-with golden Halo Shampoo



Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair with today's liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear with the first sudsing! You'll find today's Halo instantly bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair so completely, you'll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses away quickly, thoroughly . . . revives the satiny sparkle of your hair and *leaves it blissfully manageable.*

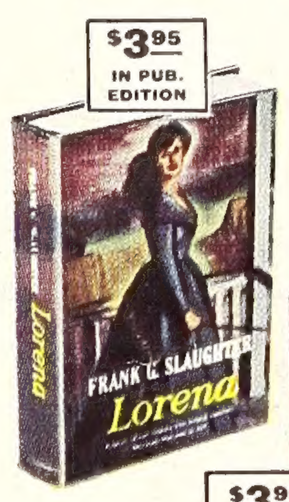
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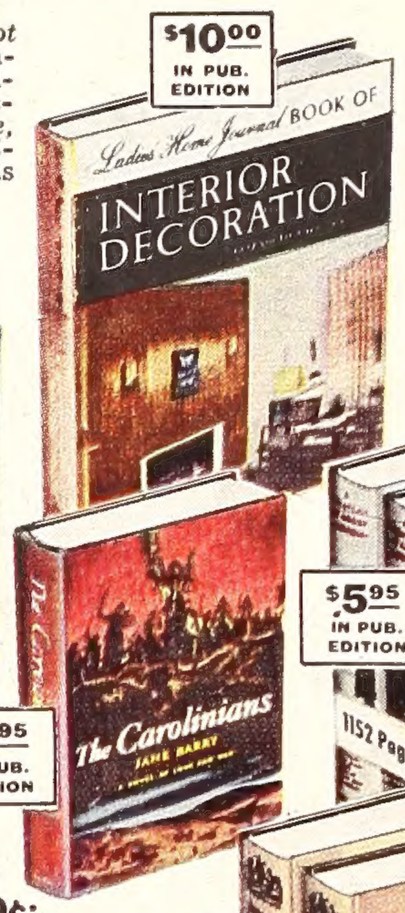
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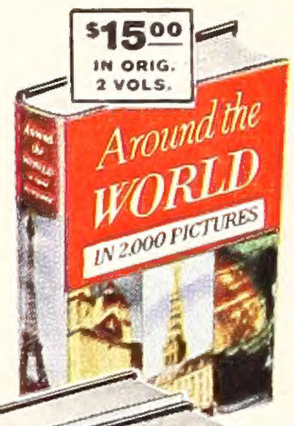
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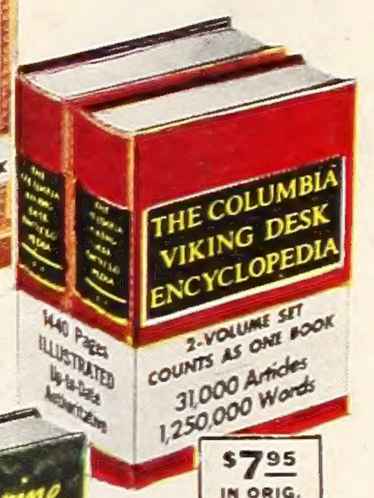






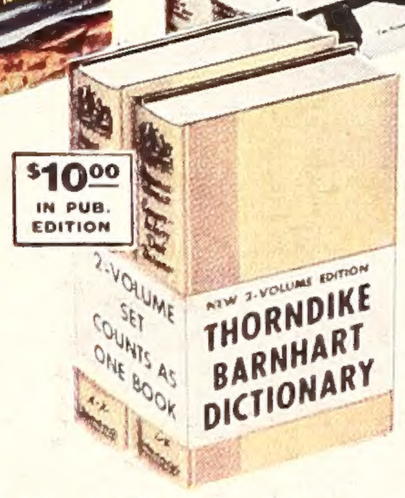


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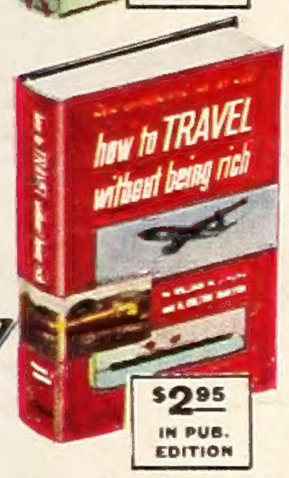
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